

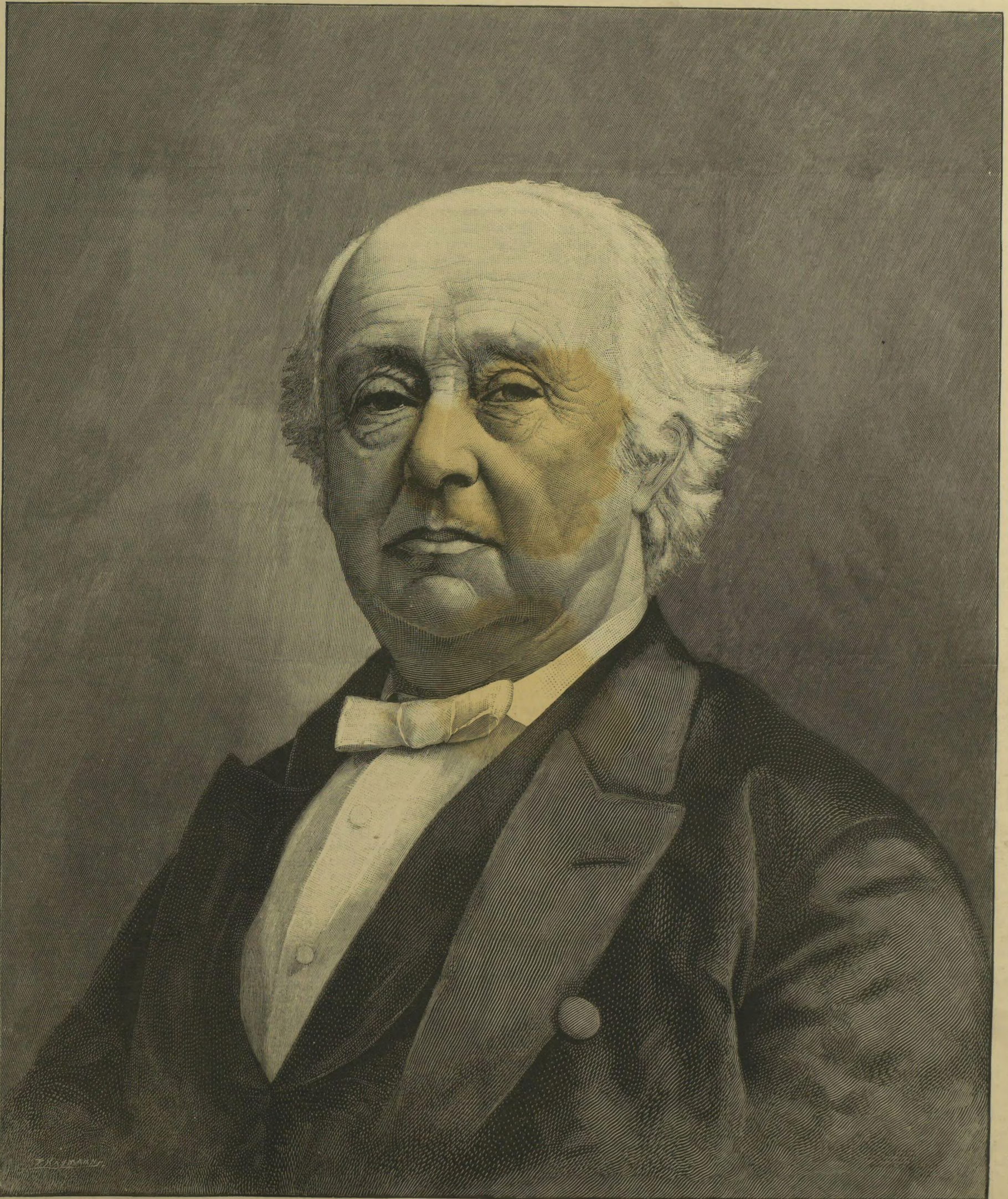
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE LATE PROFESSOR JOWETT, MASTER OF BALLIOL.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In the public reception of M. Zola by the Press nothing seems to have gone amiss; the laws of hospitality have, one is glad to see, been respected, and if the tongue has sought the cheek it has done so in silence. A month ago M. Zola was the worst-abused man in Europe, and now we have nothing but good to say of him. If he had the habit of plain speaking too much developed, we perceive that it was "only pretty Fanny's way." His coming here to see things with his own eyes cannot but be an unmixed advantage. We are not afraid of the truth being told about us, and he is probably in a position to tell it to a larger number of his fellow-countrymen than any Frenchman. At the worst, we shall be indebted to him for a new toast. At the dinner at the Crystal Palace, after returning thanks for the Foreign Press and himself, he drank to Human Intelligence. The subject is altogether unfamiliar to public dinners, but its introduction, though it seems to have taken people by surprise, was welcomed with enthusiasm. It will form an admirable addition to the future *répertoire* of our toast-masters: "Gentlemen, charge your glasses. The toast which the chairman is about to bring to your notice is the Human Intelligence." I cannot conceive a proposition (in the absence of distinguished foreigners) more calculated to promote hilarity. Moreover, what is a clear gain, like the honoured toast of her most excellent Majesty, there will be nobody (unless the company is very far gone indeed) to return thanks for it. I have known only one or two persons—to speak exactly, two persons—capable of representing Human Intelligence and suitably replying for it. They, however, would have replied for anything, and used very much to grudge toasts drunk "in solemn silence, if you please, gentlemen," to the memory of the departed.

It is curious, considering the popularity of toasts, that the origin of the word is still in doubt; the more commonly accepted account in the *Tatler*, where the lady in the bath is likened to the toast in the ale, seems far-fetched and unsatisfactory. From very early times indeed, any lass has proved an excuse for a glass. The gilded youth of Rome, we are told, emptied a cup to every letter in the names of their mistresses—

Six cups to Nævia's health, sev'n to Justina be;  
To Lycas five, to Lyde four, and then to Ida three.

This halting verse was probably composed after drinking to Justina; and it must have been a serious business when one's beloved object "ran to" a good many syllables. A young gentleman's ruin in life might arise from his bestowing his affections upon a Juliana or Alexandrina, and perhaps the drunken habits of the characters in Russian novels may owe their origin to the polysyllabic names of their heroines. Three generations ago we had nothing to boast about in the way of sobriety ourselves: it is dreadful to think what an international dinner of the Press would have been like in those days; and yet, though they would have drunk anything, I doubt whether they would have thought of drinking Human Intelligence. Notwithstanding the agitation against liquor, our present potations are nothing to what they used to be, and in particular in the matter of health-drinking. One had not only to fill one's glass, but to empty it: as Dick Swiveller said of beer, toasts were "not to be sipped." There is a pretty story in connection with this subject told of a German knight in the last century: "He was sitting at table next to his young wife in a large company, and she whispered to him, when it came to his turn to pledge a toast in an enormous glass, to pour the wine secretly under the table. 'The others will see it,' said he. But his wife, just as he was raising the goblet to his mouth, snuffed out the candle, and repeated her request. Instead of replying, he said with a kind of solemnity, 'He who seeth all things will see it,' and emptied the goblet to the dregs."

There is nothing more pleasing either in fact or fiction than the hoisting of some ruffian with his own petard—playing the very game with him that he would have played with other people. The unexpected, when it happens to persons of this description, has a certain grim humour in it, which only too often presents itself from the other side. There is nothing, for example, more delightful in "Lorna Doone" than the reception her objectionable relatives meet with at Plover's Barrows, where, hoping to find an easy cut-throat job, they get a volley from its defenders, whereat "two of them fell, and the rest hung back, to think at their leisure what this was. They were not used to the sort of thing, it was neither just nor courteous." The police in Kansas City have been taking a leaf out of Mr. Blackmore's book. Having received information that a passenger train was to be stopped by robbers, they despatched a dummy train to meet this contingency. There were no registered letters in it, no dollars, nor even watches and chains, but just sixteen extremely well-armed policemen. The astonishment of the masked banditti when they entered the express car, revolvers in hand, at finding what it contained was very marked. In the far West no one "hesitates to shoot," not even the police, and two-thirds of the scoundrels fell at the first volley. In England we have nothing so exciting, although I remember some highwaymen of my acquaintance meeting

with a somewhat similar reception. A friend of theirs, travelling on business over the Berkshire Downs in his gig, dined with them at an inn, when the conversation fell upon knights of the road, at one time often found in those parts. He had a sharp country boy travelling with him, and after dinner he came to his master, saying, "Please, Sir, I heard those gentlemen saying among themselves as how they meant to stop you and I upon the downs to-night and frighten we a bit." "Very good," he said; "we will fill the gig with the very worst eggs we can get." And when four masked horsemen rode up to the gig side that night and demanded "Your money or your life!" of its occupants, they received, very literally, an ovation.

An expert in paper informs all whom it may concern that the material on which the books of the present day are printed will not last, at the most, three hundred years. The same thing will happen to them as happens to the paintings which have not been executed in what the linen-draper call "fast" colours, only worse, because in their case the canvas will at least be left for other pictures, whereas not only the letters but the paper on which they are printed will disappear. Nothing will be left but the bindings; old libraries will only serve to make backgammon boards out of, of which we have seen occasional examples with "Miscellanies" or Rapin's "History of England" for their misleading titles. It is a sad look out, or rather look in, especially as regards the works of those authors to whom our critics have promised immortality. There are one or two—not much read by the undiscerning public—who, we are assured by far-seeing reviewers, will have it made up to them by posterity.

Directly I heard of what was going to happen to paper my mind reverted to Jones, "a true artist," as we are being constantly told (though he is, in fact, an author), whose works posterity at least, whatever may be the opinion of modern readers, will not "willingly let die." Of course, the danger lies in their dying right away in the meantime, since out of even five hundred copies (which I have reason to believe is the extreme limit of his popularity) it is possible not one may survive to gladden, let us say, the next generation but three. One is obliged to be vague in speaking of such matters, for the fact is, though the taste of posterity is so confidently predicted, none of us have the least idea of the date at which it will declare itself. Now, if this good fortune should never happen to Jones, he will deserve the sincerest pity, for, as I have said, he is as unappreciated by his contemporaries as Miss Snevelicci's papa, and I felt that the news of paper lasting only three hundred years, and thereby depriving him of his reward at last, must be a great blow to him. Though Jones is, according to the best authorities, "a master of his art," "the heir of the ages," and ever so many other fine things, he is not a philosopher, and I was very curious to know how he would take it, so I called upon him, and with diplomatic indifference introduced the subject. "It does not matter to me," I said; "three hundred years will very literally suit my book well enough; but for a man who writes not for an age, but for all time"—here I paused, from a not unnatural apprehension that I was laying it on too thick, but with an encouraging smile which seemed to say "Go on, never be afraid of expressing a just admiration," he observed, "Just so, but how can the durability of paper affect one's eternal fame? Brass itself could not ensure it." "Then it's all over with you," thought I to myself, but this was far from being Jones's view. "Do you suppose," he continued, "that Shakspeare's fame (if I may be allowed the comparison) would suffer in the least if all his works became blank to-morrow? And in a less degree—perhaps—[and a more modest "perhaps" was never uttered] I may hope that three hundred years hence mine will be similarly preserved. My works will, by that time, be inscribed in the hearts of my countrymen. The Jones Society of the period will only have to lay their heads together to recall every syllable of them, word upon word, and line upon line, here a little and there a little." "They will combine their information, eh?" said I, cheerfully, "like Mr. Pickwick's friend did for his article on Chinese Metaphysics." "'Pickwick'?" remarked Jones, with his most superior stare. "I have never read 'Pickwick.'"

A labour leader in the Midlands has been having a "rough and tumble" with an ecclesiastical authority. "The time," he is reported to have said, "will not come just yet, but when the workers recognise their power, and use it as the capitalists do now, it will be a short shift for the parsons." The absence of the *r* may be accounted for in the speaker's mind from the colliers' custom of working "in shifts," which is said to prevent persons of delicacy from travelling in the Midlands. The error reminds one of the observation of a deaf gentleman who otherwise greatly distinguished himself in the Indian Mutiny. A friend was saying that if the English got hold of Nana Sahib he would probably have but "a short shrift." "And quite enough, too," returned the other, with his hand to his ear, "in that infernal climate!"

A great advantage of Anarchy, when we really come to have it in perfection, is that there will be no crime—at least to be termed such. What the wise do call "convey" will have a still more euphonious title; less classical perhaps than kleptomania, but more handy. An Anarchist who stole a tray of diamond rings out of a jeweller's shop the other day explained that the proper name for that proceeding was expropriation. "Do not imagine," he said, "that I have done this because I am out of employment, nor from a bad or even a selfish motive. One-third of the property would have been for myself, one-third for my friend Nicoll, who will not have any money when he comes out of jail, and one-third for the unemployed. The party to which I have the honour to belong claims that all property should be in common, and not belong to one individual. My act is not appropriation, but expropriation." It is, therefore, a mistake to suppose that Anarchists are not "particular"; in expression, at all events, they seem to be absolute purists. What one would like to know is how this grammatical gentleman proposed to distribute a third of those diamond rings among the unemployed.

Now that the London season is over a dinner-giver has mustered courage to write to the newspapers to complain of the people who are always late for that hospitable meal. "Whatever time we fix it, and though we give them a quarter of an hour's law—putting 7.45 for 8, for example, on our invitations—they do not make their appearance till long afterwards. The dinner is spoilt, our other guests are naturally annoyed, and yet there seems no remedy." This has been the wail of the weak during many a season. The remedy is of the simplest and yet most efficacious kind. Never wait. If the failure in the arrival of these belated guests is due to accident they will, of course, be pleased that you did not put back the dinner for an indefinite period; so far from being rude you are giving them credit for the politest feelings. If they intended to be late—which is the only way some people have of impressing others with a sense of their importance—they will, on the other hand, be very possibly offended at having been deprived of the opportunity of putting their fellow-creatures to inconvenience, and the result is still more satisfactory—for they will never come again.

An historical writer, dating from "The Sign of the Ship" in *Longman's*, seems to share the surprise of Lord Clarendon that the body of Charles I. was not found "after the Reformation." It is somewhat audacious in a mere novelist to differ from two such authorities, but I cannot help thinking that their expectation was what the Americans call a "little previous": it was surely early days to look for the royal martyr. It is just possible, however, that the date in question was written in mistake for "the Restoration," a clerical error (as the Reformation itself was thought by some to be). The Reformation, the Restoration, and the Revolution are almost as confusing to historical writers as the other three R's are to common people, not only from their alliterative character but from their all happening so comparatively close to one another.

On a railway journey the other day I looked out of window for signs of disfigurement of the picturesque by "displayed" advertisements. They were not quite so common as newspaper correspondents would have us believe, though when the leaves are off the trees we shall, doubtless, see more of them. Some fields were entirely without them. They were numerous, however, as we neared our destination, a fashionable seaside resort. The sea air is said to affect the liver disastrously, and doubtless it was to this circumstance (and philanthropy) that remedies for this malady formed the chief agricultural literature. I counted no less than five of them to an acre. They were all painted on ordinary notice boards, such as are used for "Trespassers Beware" or "No Thoroughfare." A little more originality might surely have been displayed in this matter; it is as easy to erect a rustic pill-box as a dovecote. Even a phial admits of being treated architecturally; the incongruity is only in the idea. If you take tea in an arbour, why not patent medicine? Something nice to take after it would lend itself still more naturally to picturesque treatment. Of course, if one could secure appropriateness for this kind of advertisement, it would be better even than ornament. In the very next field, for example, was a flock of sheep, with a large board in their midst with "Southdown mutton from sevenpence a pound" on it. There seems a certain indelicacy in this as regards the feelings of the animals, but they were evidently unconscious of the nature of the announcement, which might well (from the advertiser's point of view) be extended to every kind of live stock. A combination might even be effected between the two classes of advertisement. "Pork from sixpence," and then immediately afterwards, for example, the remedies for indigestion. In course of time these matters will all be carried out, no doubt, upon a much more extensive scale; but a few fields with knolls and other agreeable accessories will almost certainly be preserved. These, of course, will have advertisements of their own: "A picturesque locality," "The only one in the neighbourhood," "Hot water supplied to artists and others bringing their own tea and shrimps," and so on.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

The shock which Dr. Jowett's death has caused in England has been too widespread, and the individuality whose loss is felt in it has been too widely known for any remarks on his life or memories of his personal traits to come with much force at the present moment, but the effect which his last years had in the University which he loved so much and which he had so wonderfully helped to change may not be without interest.

To the nation at large the loss is a great one, which it fully feels; especially is it a loss to that large and increasing part of the nation who have the extension of education and the yet further opening of the Universities at heart. It is a loss to English letters and to English scholarship. But to Oxford itself it is something more. The whole country must feel that his death leaves one more gap in the rank, already so terribly thinned, of those older men who, through the middle of the century, fought hard for that tolerance and justice in every part of our national life which, through their efforts, seems now so characteristic of England. But the nation has here and there a man left to remind it of a different time. To Oxford the loss is quite irreparable; and the whole University will feel, when the term reopens and the empty colleges begin to wake and stir after the long summer quiet, that the one great authority in the place, the one indisputable standard, has gone.

For nearly sixty years he was, without any break, a member of the University and a resident in it; and during the whole of that time he was—as scholar, fellow, and master—a member of and resident in the same college. He found it already in a high position, he left it unique; and it is more than probable that this part of his life's work will remain, to show by its continuance the power of his action. He was found (by some of those who should know the place well enough) to have devoted to Balliol too much of those energies which were due to the University, but such a judgment, if it does not betray ignorance of Oxford conditions, shows certainly an unwillingness to admit them. With its collegiate character, so anomalous and yet so united, the University could be reached in no better manner, and there could be no more striking proof of the soundness of his judgment than the way in which that breadth of view and that toleration which he made the principle of his own centre were immediately reflected upon the whole University.

To say that a man's public career in the University extended over more than half a century conveys but little meaning until one looks into the changes which occurred during that time, and which were largely due to his influence.

When Dr. Jowett first came up to College, the University gave an example of conservatism and privilege even to that conservative and privileged time: a society in which the Reform Bill had just come into force, in which religious toleration was a novelty, and in which Free Trade was still the dream of a few optimists, stood contrasted with the Oxford of that day as dangerously democratic. It was but four years since that Mr. Gladstone's speech at the Union was supposed to have worked a kind of miracle in securing a small majority in favour of the reform—the Oxford of that day fell short even of that England. Now that he has left his place the Master of Balliol has left it much as he most desired it to be: well in line with the rest of the nation, enlarging its influence and its national value—above all, catholic and tolerant to the general opinions around, the admission of which alone can stamp any institution as national.

The Master of Balliol could look back upon a time not so very far distant when it was possible for Dr. Pusey to bring a charge of heresy against him before the Vice-Chancellor—what a light against a memory throws on the modern contrast! He could call to mind, stage by stage, almost all the changes which have brought the University methods to their present state; but a young man listening to him could not comprehend the meaning and the connections of those steps, so radical has been the change which his long struggles and final triumph have effected.

His influence was personal, and those individual traits of his which are the most widely known are, perhaps, the least representation of that influence. His power of epigram and his use of it have been recounted everywhere. There is hardly an Oxford man of the last twenty-five years who could not furnish a small stock of stories illustrating that power. But of his great kindness, of his admirable rule in his college, of his sincere comprehension of the difficulties of a young man's life—especially of his ready sympathy with poverty—one hears far less.

People are also very full of his unorthodox views: his life emphasised them, his delight in contrasting them with those of his contemporaries was patent. There exists even—if it is permissible to mention such vulgarities over the open grave of a great man—a parody upon them from one who

had enjoyed his hospitality and who had met from him with nothing but kindness and courtesy. All this side of his philosophy is now, upon his death, a matter of common talk. What is less known of him is that philosophy in his religion which was so quiet and so great, so human withal, which was the power and the value of those opinions for which he was so bitterly attacked.

And yet of his own characteristics the last were the most evident to those who had the honour of respecting and of profiting by his actual presence. The goodness of heart, not the power of epigram, the humanity and the breadth, not the lack of orthodoxy in his religion, were the points that made his influence. It would have been impossible without these to have moulded with such individuality the men who passed out of Balliol, and to have touched through Balliol much of England itself.

The twenty-three years of his Mastership and his Vice-Chancellorship, now six years past, have left upon Oxford a mark more lasting than may generally be admitted in this moment. They were positive advantages which he achieved, and they will not easily be undone. But for all that, his death now is as irreparable a loss for Oxford as the gradual extinction of the men of his stamp and his generation is to the whole country.

## THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HER DAUGHTERS AT FREDENSBORG.

The Princess of Wales, with her two unmarried daughters, has been visiting her parents, the King and Queen of Denmark, at Fredensborg Castle. Her sister, the Empress of Russia, and her brother, the King of Greece, joined the family party. A pleasing incident, represented in our Illustration, is that of the royal ladies going out for



THE QUEEN OF DENMARK WITH HER DAUGHTERS, THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

a drive in the pony-carriage which was a gift of the Princess of Wales to her mother on Sept. 7, the Queen's birthday. We are indebted to a Copenhagen correspondent, Mr. George Brochuis, for the photograph, taken in front of the castle, which overlooks a broad lawn decorated with various statues ranged on each side. The pony was somewhat restive, and the King of Greece had to lead him for a time. Few ponies have had the honour of drawing, in single harness, three such illustrious persons in one vehicle; and in no rank of life is it easy to find more estimable and amiable women.

## RAMBLING SKETCHES: YORK.

Eboracum, the Roman city, headquarters of the Fifth Legion and capital of the province of North Britain, where the Emperor Severus died, became the capital of the Saxon Kingdom of Deira, was afterwards ruled by Earl Siward, and was captured by William the Conqueror. Its name was then York; and in later English history it was often besieged, both during the Wars of the Roses, and in the Civil War between Charles I. and the Parliament, until the battle of Marston Moor. The ancient dignity of this city is undeniable, and is attested by monuments of great antiquarian interest, besides the grand Minster, its Cathedral Church, and the Archbishop's See during nearly twelve centuries. The city walls, though not so complete in circuit as those of Chester, retain several of their old gatehouses. Micklegate Bar, the southern entrance, a Norman structure, has lost its barbican; but the square tower, with embattled turrets and stone figures, surmounting the round arch, has an imposing aspect. Here, in 1460, the head of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, killed in the battle of Wakefield, was exposed to view. Soon afterwards the heads of several noblemen, leaders of the Lancastrian party, were set up in the same place. This barbarous custom, as at Temple Bar in London, was occasionally repeated till after the Jacobite rebellion of 1745. Bootham Bar, the north gate of the

city, Monk Bar, and Walmgate, are in still better preservation. Of York Castle, the site of which is now partly occupied by the assize courts and by a prison, the ancient keep or donjon, called Clifford's Tower, is extant, a massive circular building with walls 10 ft. thick. The ruins of St. Mary's Abbey are beautiful, and are carefully protected by a local society. Of York Minster, one of the grandest ecclesiastical edifices in the kingdom, we can here give no description. The English Church architecture of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries shows its excellence in this celebrated structure. Our Artist's sketches include also the old gateway of St. William's College, and a view of the Shambles, a street which has an antique and picturesque aspect.

## NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Not for many years has Norwich been the scene of a festival so interesting or so full of promise as that which opened within the ancient walls of St. Andrew's Hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 3. There was a time, not so long ago, when this triennial gathering seemed to be on the downward road. The receipts barely covered the expenditure, and instead of a substantial balance for the local charities, the general result was a call upon the guarantors. Then, thanks to a union of forces between the aristocracy of the county and the commercial leaders of the city, there came a period of revival. With the death of Sir Julius Benedict the bâton passed into the hands of Mr. Alberto Randegger, a younger and more energetic man, and the determined effort then made to renew the fortunes of the Festival was not unsuccessful. Under no conditions, of course, can Norwich compete with Birmingham or Leeds in the magnitude of the scale on which its performances are

given, or of the financial results that are attained. Moreover, as an agricultural centre the East Anglian city has been at an especial disadvantage in recent years as compared with the rich manufacturing districts in which the larger meetings are held. Nevertheless, by carefully watching the requirements of their public and avoiding the fatal "penny wise and pound foolish" system that used to prevail, the Norwich executive has so far retrieved the lost position that the Festival is once more regarded as the chief provincial gathering of the year in which it falls. This time a thoroughly attractive scheme was organised. A careful selection of old and popular works was made, and with these were neatly intermingled a comparatively liberal allowance of novelties. Then, in addition to the customary group of first-rate vocal artists, the authorities were fortunate enough to secure the services of two such distinguished soloists as M. Paderewski and Señor Sarasate—each *facile princeps* in his own particular line and a certain "draw." Nothing was wanted to complete the ensemble but a good chorus and an average Festival band, and these Mr. Randegger took excellent care to provide. The consequences were

made manifest before the Festival week actually arrived in an unusually brisk demand for tickets, while by the Monday morning we who went down to attend the final rehearsals were greeted with the pleasant information that the hall had already been sold out for more than one of the concerts. The personal interest in the various composers who will be present has been an attraction to the general public.

Just a word about those rehearsals. As a rule, they are the *crux* of a provincial festival, and all sorts of methods have been devised for holding them, so as not to over-fatigue the executive forces or to entrench too closely upon the opening concert. At Leeds, if not at Birmingham also, the general rehearsals begin on the preceding Saturday, but that is an expensive arrangement. At Norwich they begin on the Monday, and the Festival itself starts on the Tuesday evening. The interval is not a long one, but by dint of squeezing as much work as convenient into the London rehearsals, it is found possible to conclude the whole of the preparatory labours by mid-day on Tuesday, and thus allow the choir and orchestra a complete afternoon's repose before the public performances commence. The plan works so satisfactorily that we feel inclined to recommend it to all managers of Festivals where a start is made prior to the Wednesday morning.

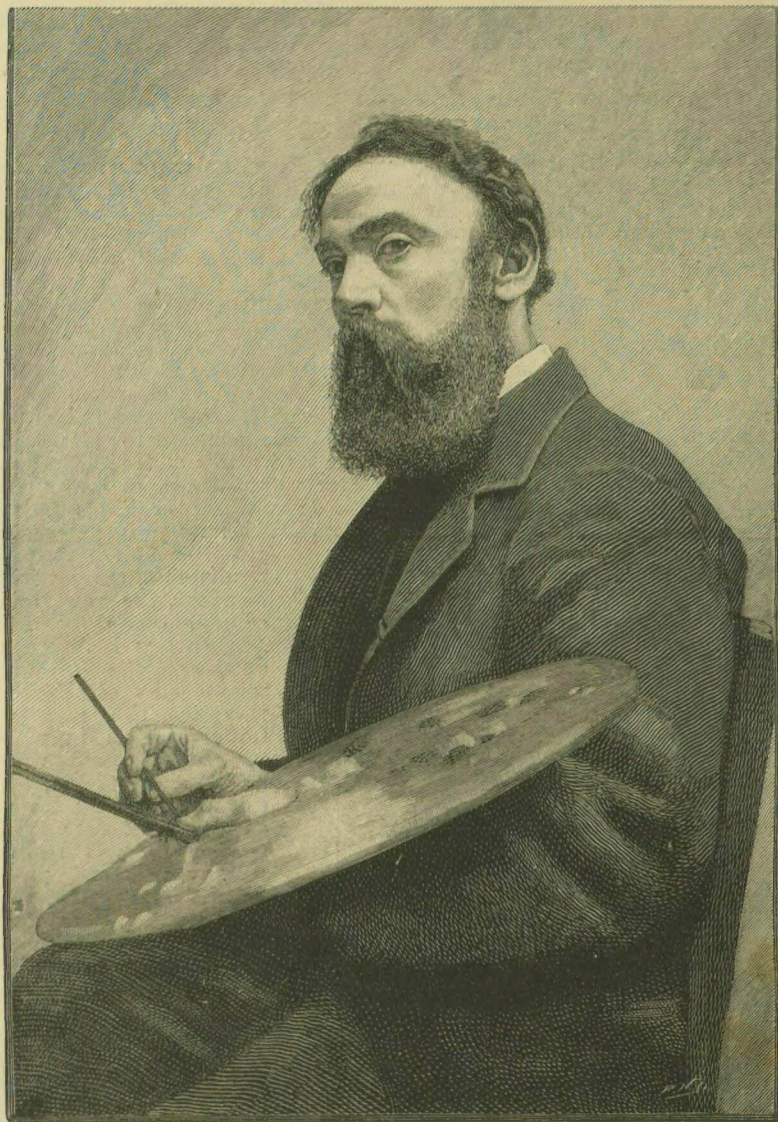
With the Norwich novelties we must take another opportunity of dealing. All that time will permit us to do now is to record the successful inauguration of the Festival with a performance of "St. Paul," which noble oratorio for once displaces its more popular co-masterpiece "Elijah." Formerly, the festivals here had a time-honoured and somewhat appropriate practice of commencing with "The Creation." There is no doubt that "St. Paul" is gradually gaining the recognition which it deserves. There was a large but not crowded attendance, and the rendering of the whole reflected the capabilities of all concerned in a favourable light. The solos were admirably sung by Miss Anna Williams, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Norman Salmond.



## ALBERT MOORE.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

The county of Yorks, amongst its hundred virtues, which I am always eager to insist upon, can hardly, perhaps, claim that of having produced any unusual proportion



THE LATE MR. ALBERT MOORE.

either of practising painters or of folk specially sensible of the charm of art. But it is much for one county—nay, for one city even—to have given birth to two such men as William Etty and Albert Moore—painters of the figure, both of them, but separated by a couple of generations, and, to the superficial spectator of their work, having little enough in common, yet allied in reality more closely than they seem to be. For in truth, “Mr. Etty”—as he is still affectionately spoken of in the city where he was born, and to which in later life he again withdrew—cared almost as little for “subject,” for dramatic incident, as did the admirable artist who is this week mourned. Etty loved colour and the flesh—

his genius in the treatment of them was Venetian in its force and its delicacy—and what was Albert Moore but a colourist who added to the subtle patterning of delicate hues a great refinement, a remarkable science, in the composition of “line”? But while William Etty—and the point is worth making—had, in the generation in which he lived, to profess to have a story, a subject, Albert Moore was able to dispense for the most part with any pretence to a theme, with any pretence to what is called “human interest”—the interest of something *happening* instead of something *being*—and, though he never succeeded, or wished to succeed, in becoming strictly popular, he had his appreciators from a quite early day, and lived honourably by the practice of exactly that art which he was certainly born to create or to enrich. The son of a portrait-painter, and a member of a gifted family, Albert Moore had little technical training, yet came to the front quite early. As long ago as 1870, when Albert Moore was still under thirty, Professor Sidney Colvin made him, as I remember, the subject of a thoughtful study in the *Portfolio*; and, indeed, the painter had then already produced what remains one of the most characteristic of his compositions in line, one of the happiest of his inventions in sentiment, though no doubt he has since often surpassed it in intricate arrangement of colour and in the matter of “handling.” The picture I refer to is the lovely little decoration entitled “A Quartett: a Painter’s tribute to the Art of Music”—for so it was styled in the Academy Catalogue—and if people asked why these particular instruments, the Stradivarius or Guarnerius of two hundred years ago, played before listeners in the garb of Aspasia and of Pericles, they did well, for in the answer they were bound to receive was contained necessarily much of the truth about Albert Moore’s art. And the answer was this—or this is what it should have been: “He paints no real scene; he is concerned with no defined period; he takes his beauty just where he finds it; he has studied Greek sculpture; Indian silks are his draperies; he loves azaleas, roses, robust men, healthy young English women, and the forms of musical instruments, and, whatever he calls his pictures, what he is really doing is to take now one and then another of the things he loves, and to use them in his art in arrangements and combinations wholly his own.”

That is what he did; and he went on doing it with no very perceptible differences, with more or less subtle modifications—now apparently some improvement, now perhaps some decline—during full five-and-twenty years; and, though the large public scarcely accepted him, and though many of his brethren, who were painters but scarcely artists, failed to do justice to him, and though he was never elected to the Royal Academy, he had a certain success—good prices, I am told, for what he painted, and these always obtained without any art of puffery or trick of self-advertisement; he had the deep

satisfaction of producing the work he wished to produce, and of knowing that some at least enjoyed its singular quality; and, as a minor matter, not unworthy of record, those writers who venture to discuss art, who follow the populace (of course), who are destitute of ideas (of course), who require a painter at their elbow (of course), who can never agree among themselves (of course)—these writers, I say, were somewhat tolerably unanimous, tolerably enthusiastic, and tolerably well in advance of the rest of the public in their recognition of the exquisite art that came, year after year, with limitations,



“AZALEAS.”—BY ALBERT MOORE.

no doubt, but with so patient and self-denying a perfection, from the easel of Albert Moore. They saw that with this refined and fastidious master, decoration was never *banale*: they felt, too, that behind his experiments in *technique*, behind the problems he set himself, there was ever, urging him forward, the true sentiment of beauty.



“FOLLOW MY LEADER.”—BY ALBERT MOORE.

The Illustrations on this page are from photographs by Mr. F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

There is no need to dig up the bone of an old contention, or to make awkward and unnecessary comparisons, or to tread on any sensitive corns whatever, when we congratulate the art of the theatre on having a new director in the clever and estimable person of Mr. J. Comyns Carr. One of the youngest of the actor-managers, with the earnest zeal of a convert, took the trouble to rack his brains the other day in order to show how the best managers of theatres since the days of Garrick—he might have gone back to Thespis in his cart—have been actors. No one doubts it. No one disputes the fact. But for all that, I do not see any harm when the strictly professional element is judiciously tempered with the eclectic and the artistic. It seems to me that Mr. Comyns Carr has every qualification for the post of director to a high-class, literary, and artistic theatre. It is constantly urged that an actor

frustrated by want of sympathy. If, therefore, the art-loving public will only back up the new manager's high endeavour, all will be well. At any rate, the new Comedy Theatre has started with a success.

Mr. Sydney Grundy, one of the most earnest and conscientious writers for the stage, has given us what is, in most respects, his best work in "Sowing the Wind." He has given us no better dramatic literature since "Clito"; but, of course, this charming piece is in a different style altogether. The play is full of delightful scenes and happy surprises. The pictures of old English life sixty years ago, with their domesticity, their friendliness, their quaint costumes, and old-world manners, are just such pictures as would commend themselves to the fine artistic temperament of Mr. Comyns Carr. And the play contains at least one very fine scene indeed, written with consummate power, and acted with singular earnestness and success both by Mr. Brandon Thomas and Miss Winifred Emery.

I don't mind effective by other measures. I maintain that Mr. Sydney Grundy, when he imagined the scene, conceived great acting in it. The opportunity was there—who can doubt it? On both sides it was very beautiful, "but it was not the war" of acting. You see that certain artistic temperaments are designed by nature to do certain things. I can understand no greater charm in its way than to be present when Mr. Brandon Thomas sits down to the piano and warbles with exquisite effect his own delightful ballads and darkey songs. Here, as the American ladies would say, "he is just perfect." But, admiring his talent as I do, I should not advise him, singer as he is, to try Faust or Lohengrin. There are little bits of his Mr. Brabazon that are just within his compass, that hit his vein of sentiment exactly. But again, there are scenes that want a force, an expansion, and a moment that as yet he does not possess. On the occasion of the first performance Miss Winifred Emery appeared to me to be fatigued and over-worked. Incomparably beautiful, quite the *cri du cœur*,



"SOWING THE WIND," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

MR. BRANDON THOMAS AS MR. BRABAZON; MISS WINIFRED EMERY AS ROSAMUND: "SEX AGAINST SEX."

must make the best manager because he understands the stage. For the same reason it is argued that the literary actor is the most successful author. In our own time this has emphatically proved true in the case of Dion Boucicault, Benjamin Webster, Baldwin Buckstone, Thomas Robertson, Pinero, and Carton. They were all actors first and authors after. H. J. Byron was a case where author eventually turned actor. But for all that, there are few men of our time who have studied the stage so constantly and conscientiously as Mr. Comyns Carr. He was first a dramatic critic. I remember his brilliant articles in the *Echo* and other papers many years ago. Next he was an art critic, and devoted his mind to pictorial art. Then he became a dramatic author, and helped to advance to the stage his friend Hugh Conway, who flashed upon us like a meteor and then went out. Literary adviser to a celebrated management was the next post assumed by our new manager. And now, in his own incomparable fashion, he is able to address a brilliant audience from the stage that belongs to him. It was a modest and admirable little speech. Mr. Comyns Carr pointed out that the best artistic intentions in the world may be

candidly owning that the worst of having seen some of the best acting that the world has produced in a lifetime is that it makes you judge of all acting from a very high standard. Take, for instance, scenes of genuine domestic poignancy, the tragedy, as it were, of the home and the heart. Well, I have seen Regnier in "La Joie fait Peur," and Lafont in the "Centenaire" and "Montjoie," and Robson in "The Porter's Knot" and "Daddy Hardacre," and George Belmore in "The Deal Boatman," and Benjamin Webster in "One Touch of Nature" and "Triplet," and the elder Farren in "Grandfather Whitehead," and David James in the last act of "Our Boys." I know what effect is produced on an audience by artists like these, and though I cordially admire the subdued pathos, the veiled earnestness, the pleading voice, and the reserved agony of Mr. Brandon Thomas, I cannot help wondering to myself how the great act in this beautiful play would have gone if it had been painted in and finished, and not merely sketched as an impression. An artist like Mr. Brandon Thomas knows the limitation of his own powers, but it does not by any means follow that the part could not be played in any other way, or could not be made more

were certain moments, but it was a glow-worm flash. The light kept popping in and out again. Mr. Cyril Maude, a dear old fussy gentleman; Mr. Sydney Brough, an earnest youth with a warm heart and an impulsive temperament; and Miss Rose Leclercq, a moral matron of sixty years ago, have scarcely ever done anything better. But never mind those "horrid critics" with their memories and their views. The play is very interesting and well worth seeing.

The death of my old friend David James has taken away from us one of our very best actors. I have seen everything he has done since he danced and sang as Mercury in Mr. Burnand's wonderful Royalty burlesque of "Ixion," and as he advanced and took to pathetic characters, I once thought that he would mount to the very top of the tree, to a position quite unassailable. But good fortune greeted him just when he should have studied the hardest, and they say good fortune is the deliberate enemy of hard work. I have never been able to try the experiment. The paddock came to Mr. David James too early in life. He was able to kick about in the grass when he should have been in the shafts; but, for all that, he was an artist to the tips of his finger-nails.



HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, is at Balmoral Castle, and has been visited by the Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna, and the Grand Duke Paul of Russia.

Other members of the royal family now in the Scottish Highlands have enjoyed good sport in fishing and shooting. At Braemar, in one day's fishing, the Duchess of Fife landed seven salmon, averaging from 6lb. to 10lb. On the day before the Prince of Wales went out deer-stalking in Glenquoich Mar Forest and killed ten stags, one carrying a head of thirteen points, another one of ten points.

The Duke and Duchess of York have returned from Scotland. On Tuesday, Oct. 3, their Royal Highnesses were received in state by the Lord Provost and Corporation of Edinburgh; the Duke was admitted a Burgess of that city; and they afterwards visited the Royal Infirmary and the Longmore Hospital for Incurables, a new wing of which was opened. In the evening they arrived at Wynyard Park, near Stockton, on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry. Next day the opening of Ropner Park, at Stockton, was graced with their presence. On Friday their Royal Highness visit the city of York; and on Saturday, Oct. 7, at St. James's Palace, they receive a deputation of the Corporation of the City of London to present their wedding gift.

On Friday, Sept. 29, the Liverymen of the City of London Guilds assembled at the Guildhall for the election of a Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. The customary sermon was preached at St. Lawrence Jewry by the Rev. A. M'Caul, Chaplain to the Lord Mayor. The choice of the Livery fell upon Alderman George Robert Tyler and Alderman Faudel-Phillips. The result being reported to the Court of Aldermen, Alderman Tyler was unanimously elected Lord Mayor. Having had the chain of mayoralty placed round his neck, Alderman Tyler returned thanks. A vote of thanks was given to Sir Stuart Knill

Mayor of Sheffield has convened a meeting of the mayors of neighbouring towns, on Oct. 9, to see what they can do.

The President of the Coalowners' Federation has issued a statement justifying the demand for the 25 per cent. reduction in wages on the ground that increases amounting to 40 per cent. were granted between 1888 and 1892 on the strength of advances in the price of coal, most of which have since been lost, and laying stress on the fact that the Miners' Federation refuse arbitration. The coalowners, he declares, can do no more, but are ready to negotiate whenever the men's representatives are armed with full powers to meet them.

The Lords of the Admiralty have considered the petitions presented to them by the various classes of labourers in the home dockyards, and have announced certain increases of their pay, to come into force immediately.

The new Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Aberdeen, with Lady Aberdeen, have been cordially received at Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa. His Excellency, on Sept. 27, attended a banquet at Montreal in connection with the new building for the Board of Trade. He commended the enterprise of the commercial metropolis, and spoke of the prosperity of the Dominion.

In France, the chief topic of popular interest is the approaching visit of the Russian naval squadron, which will arrive at Toulon on Friday, Oct. 13. There will be a series of naval and municipal entertainments, lasting till the following Monday afternoon. The officers will then start for Paris, arriving there on Tuesday morning. That evening they will dine at the Elysée. On Wednesday there will be a luncheon at the Russian Embassy, and a dinner at the Hôtel de Ville, followed by a torchlight procession and a concert. On Thursday the sights of Paris will be visited, and there will be a luncheon given by the Municipality at the Bois de Boulogne Restaurant, with a ball at the Hôtel de Ville. On Friday M. Develle will give a dinner, and M. Dupuy will give one on Saturday, on which night also the performance at the Opéra is to take place. The Sunday programme comprises a luncheon at the War Office, a reception by General Saussier and "Carrousel" at the Champ de Mars, the Press Committee's dinner, and fireworks on the Eiffel Tower. On Monday, after lunching at the Military Club, the officers will visit Versailles, where the fountains will play, and on returning they will dine with Admiral Riunier. On Tuesday they will lunch at the Elysée, and will leave Paris at night, halting at Lyons and Marseilles on Wednesday, and reaching Toulon that night. Next day they will see the launch of the Jauréguiberry, and on Saturday, Oct. 28, the squadron will leave Toulon.

The French treaty of peace with Siam has been signed, at Bangkok, by the King's Government and by M. le Myre de Vilers, together with a convention of six further articles. Siam gives up all territory on the left bank of the Mekong, and the islands in that river; undertakes to remove all military posts or forces within fifteen miles of the right bank, and in the provinces of Battambang and Siem-reap, around the Tonle-Sap Lake; consents to have French Consulates established at Khorat and Muang Nam and any other towns chosen by France, and promises to punish the Siamese officials charged with injuries to the French. The town of Chantaboon will be held by the French as a guarantee until these stipulations are fulfilled.

French priests have this year for the first time been called out for a month's service with the reserve military force. The diocesan papers all over the country notify the temporary absence of priests from their parishes on this account. Seminarists have for several years had to serve their twelve months, but it was supposed that priests would be excused from service with the reserve, or would, at least, be subjected only to ambulance duties. This expectation has not been realised, and priests will apparently, like other citizens, have to undergo a month's drill.

In Germany steps are taken in the direction of renewing the negotiations for a commercial treaty with Russia. A preliminary conference of Imperial and Prussian officials has been held in Berlin, and on Wednesday a council of experts, representing German industry, trade, and agriculture, assembled to give their opinions to the Government on the questions at issue. The Emperor William, on reaching the Austrian frontier on his homeward journey, addressed to the Emperor Francis Joseph a telegram of warm thanks for the hospitality he had received during his visit, and of good wishes for the Emperor, his country, and his army.

The Emperor of Austria, on Sept. 28, was at Innsbruck, at the ceremony of unveiling the monument erected on the Iselberg to the memory of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot put to death by Napoleon I. in 1809. The Emperor

delivered a brief speech, paying a tribute to Hofer's memory, and acknowledging the constant fidelity of the people of the Tyrol.

The Young Czech party in the Bohemian Diet intend to issue a manifesto to their followers protesting against what they call the attempt of the Government to Germanise Bohemia, denying that there was any occasion for a resort to exceptional measures, and repudiating responsibility for the recent riots and other seditious manifestations.

The Spanish garrison of the fort of Melilla, on the coast of Morocco, was attacked on Tuesday, Oct. 3, by a force of 6000 or 7000 men of the Riff mountaineer tribes. General Margallo, with 300 soldiers, aided by the guns of the forts, repulsed the attack after a long conflict; eight of the Spaniards were killed and thirty-five wounded. Reinforcements have been sent from Spain.

The British political mission to Afghanistan, with Sir H. Mortimer Durand as Envoy of the British Indian Government, has arrived safely at Cabul.

The news, to Oct. 2, of the insurrection in the Argentine Republic is favourable to the existing Government. The city of Rosario has been surrendered by the rebels to General Roca, and Dr. Alem, the leader of the revolutionary party, has been arrested.

In Brazil the latest reports do not seem promising for the insurgents; but Admiral de Mello's squadron was again, on Sept. 30, bombarding the forts in the bay of Rio de Janeiro; while it is believed that the remonstrances of foreign Powers have restrained him from further bombardment of the city.

The British South Africa Company's official agent in Mashonaland, Dr. Jameson, has organised three troops of mounted riflemen, with machine-gun artillery, to repel the Matabele, whose invasion of Mashonaland seems to be imminent, at Fort Salisbury, Fort Victoria, and Fort Charter.

New Orleans was visited, on the night of Oct. 2, by a tremendous storm, which overthrew many buildings and killed twenty-four persons; the levee or dam of Lake Pontchartrain was broken through, and the whole district was flooded.

Disastrous floods have occurred in Japan, in the Gifu district. Thousands of houses were flooded; the damage done was enormous. About the same time an extensive landslip took place, by which fifty people were killed and great damage done. The famous temple of Hongwanji has been totally destroyed by fire.

In the French colony of Tonquin immense damage has been done by floods, and the whole Delta had the appearance of a sea except that the bamboo hedges appeared above the waters. On the night of Aug. 5 a hurricane swept away many dwellings, and many lives were lost. Rice has doubled in price, and there will be scarcely any winter crop.



BALLIOL COLLEGE, WITH THE MASTER'S RESIDENCE.

for the performance of his duties during his year of office. In the evening the Lord Mayor gave a dinner at the Mansion House in honour of the Lord Mayor-elect.

The new Sheriffs of the City of London, Mr. Alderman Moore and Mr. Alderman Dimsdale, were admitted to office with the usual formalities on Sept. 28, and, after the ceremony, entertained a numerous company at breakfast at Grocers' Hall.

The London School Board met on Sept. 28, for the first time after the recess, in the new board-room on the Thames Embankment. Mr. J. R. Diggle, the Chairman, delivered his annual address, in which he reviewed the expansion of the work of the Board during the past twenty years, but complained of the constant interference of the Education Department in matters of detail. With regard to religious education, Mr. Diggle held it an essential part of the rights of Christian parents that their children should be trained in Christian teaching by teachers who were not out of sympathy with their religious convictions.

The collieries' strike is not yet terminated, though some thousands of men in Yorkshire have returned to work at the old rate of wages. There is no doubt that in most of the districts the men will eagerly resume work where they can at the former rates; but as to the extent to which owners will permit this there is considerable uncertainty. On Friday, Sept. 29, at Chesterfield, the executive of the Miners' Federation decided not to meet the employers to discuss any reduction in wages, but to reaffirm their statement that the late rate of wages was the normal level, and to pledge themselves not to ask for any further advance till the prices of 1891 are again realised. It was also resolved to allow men to resume at the old rate wherever employers are willing to pay it. The meeting condemned the conduct of the Forest of Dean miners in accepting a reduction of 20 per cent., and called on all men resuming work at the old rate to pay a levy of 1s. per day for the support of those remaining out. There was a great rise of prices on the London Coal Exchange, to the extent of 5s. additional per ton on house-coal. On Tuesday, Oct. 3, a meeting of the Federated Coalowners, held in London, resolved that the action of the Miners' Federation made it impossible to settle the difference by a joint meeting. The

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## PERSONAL.

Death has been rather busy of late amongst many ex-members of Parliament better known to the last than to the present generation.



Photo by Fradette and Young.

THE LATE LORD ALFRED CHURCHILL.

Amongst these we regret to have to number this week Lord Alfred Spencer Churchill—a great-uncle of the Duke of Marlborough—who has died at the age of sixty-nine. He represented Woodstock in Parliament from 1857 to 1865, and it may be remembered that just nine years elapsed between the latter date and the entry of Lord Randolph Churchill as member for the same constituency. How many members of the Marlborough family have passed away within the last few years! Lord Alfred leaves four daughters, one of whom is the wife of Sir Francis Winnington.

The long illness of Sir Stevenson Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B., ended fatally at Harwich on Monday morning last. As may be imagined, the news of his death was received with very sincere regret by the officials and staff of the General Post Office, among whom he had earned a high popularity and esteem during his thirteen years of service as Secretary. He was a thoroughly capable administrator, in a department none too easy of administration, a man of fine and courteous but rather quiet manners, and excellent in tact. He was always keenly interested in the well-being of the numerous staff under him, and his own exceedingly high character did not fail to make itself felt among those with whom he came into daily contact. Sir Arthur, who was only in his sixty-second year, married in 1858 Harriet Sydney, widow of the sixth Duke of Manchester, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. He was appointed a clerk in the Treasury in 1852, served as Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General in the Crimean War, and had been six years Financial Secretary to the Post Office when he received his appointment as Secretary. It was on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee that Sir Arthur was made a Knight Commander of the Bath.

First-nighters have had a good time of late. "The Tempter," at the Haymarket, was greeted by a most singular combination of Cabinet and ex-Cabinet Ministers—Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain hob-nobbing in the same row of stalls, while the Speaker smiled benignly on them both from Lady Burdett-Coutts's box. This was followed by Mr. Comyns Carr's new management at the Comedy Theatre, where "Sowing the Wind" was produced so successfully on Sept. 30. Of course Mr. Carr, with his literary and artistic associations and friendships, had a gathering of a somewhat different character from that which "The Tempter" attracted. The politicians had all fled the town, but here were innumerable artists, like Mr. Alma-Tadema, and literary men, like Mr. Edmund Gosse; one seemed to see all the best representatives of New Gallery art at Mr. Grundy's play, and one is quite certain that they were all immensely struck by it. Then the new week opened with "The Foresters" at Daly's Theatre, and perhaps one felt a little disappointment at the absence of celebrities on that occasion; it might have been thought that to see Lord Tennyson's last dramatic work all the literary men in England would have assembled; that we should have had Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Hardy and Mr. Swinburne side by side, to say nothing of those fifty and odd minor poets of whom we hear all too much but see so little. It was, however, the dramatic critics who were most conspicuous at Mr. Daly's Theatre on Oct. 3, and these gentlemen inevitably recalled Mr. J. M. Barrie's humorous observation that it is worth while being a critic, if only for the privilege of patronising Tennyson.

In our last issue we referred to Mr. Charles Williams as retiring President of the Institute of Journalists. That



MR. CHARLES RUSSELL.

Late President of the Institute of Journalists.

he took to reporting in 1863 (and an editor of a daily paper can scarcely have had a more useful beginning), joined

the staff of the *Leeds Mercury* a year later, was appointed literary editor of the *Sportsman* in 1867, found himself assistant editor of the *Glasgow Herald* eight years later, and has held the editorship of that journal since 1887. He is more or less of an independent in politics, and believes that a newspaper should be a literary concern as well as a vehicle of news. The *Glasgow Herald* has proved itself both a literary and an enterprising journal in his hands.

It need scarcely be said that Lord Dunraven is determined upon winning, with his yacht *Valkyrie*, the America Cup, the races for which commenced on Thursday last. Diversified as his tastes are in sport, the Earl's best heart is in yachting; and if there be at this day a more ardent and scientific yachtsman in either hemisphere his name has not reached us. America knows Lord Dunraven well, for he had made many trips there before his accession to the title, and seen some famous sport, both in North America and in Canada, in company with the guide "Texas Jack." Still earlier, he was reputed "the best and hardest steeplechase rider" in the First Life Guards, a reputation which he could have been no long time in earning, for he served rather less than two years in the regiment. In 1868 he tasted adventure as a war correspondent in connection with the Abyssinian Expedition; and in the same capacity he followed the fortunes of the German army in 1870. He wields a graphic pen, and is still more effective as a speaker. Fifty-two years of age, he looks at least ten years younger.

A very forcible and sympathetic comedian, rich in humour, wide in his range, and greatly experienced, is lost to the stage by the death of Mr. David James. Born in 1839, he has died a comparatively young man. The present generation of playgoers have but the dimmest memories of his successes as a burlesque actor at the Strand and Vaudeville theatres, and have probably learned with some surprise that he made his début in the ballet department of the



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.

THE LATE DAVID JAMES,

AS PERKYN MIDDLEWICK IN "OUR BOYS."

Princess's Theatre under Charles Kean. One would have liked to see David James in the ballet. In comedy, he made, perhaps, his first hit as Our Mr. Jenkins, the bagman, in Albery's "Two Roses," a part which, by-the-way, he played in succession to that rare comedian, George Honey. Those were the days when, in the same piece, Mr. Irving was first giving promise of future greatness. As a low comedian, however, Mr. James will be chiefly remembered by his performance of Perky Middlewick in H. J. Byron's "Our Boys," a play which, starting as a comparative failure, lived to be infinitely the most successful of its day. A kindly and most genuine man in private, David James's death is mourned by a host of friends within and without the theatrical profession.

One of the most prolific of lady writers has just died in the person of Lady Eastlake, the widow of Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy. Lady Eastlake has been long before the world as a gifted art critic and the author of a "Biography of Artists." She was the author also of a very popular book entitled "Letters from the Baltic," and her friendship with Mrs. Grote, the widow of the historian, produced a little biography, which makes very good reading, particularly to those who knew that eccentric lady. Lady Eastlake was eighty-four years of age at the time of her death.

## MR. PINERO AND MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

To the Editor of "The Illustrated London News."

"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY."

Sir,—I desire to state that in the article written by me, and published in your paper of Aug. 19 last, I did not intend to suggest that Mr. Pinero had in any way obtained his plot from Paul Lindau's "Der Schatten," or had ever heard of that play, and I regret that my comments should have caused Mr. Pinero pain.—Yours obediently,

CLEMENT SCOTT.

## THE MAGAZINES.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Swinburne sings of "The Palace of Pan"; and Mr. Auberon Herbert, with a "rapture too sacred for fear," takes to pieces the soul of Mr. Chamberlain. In the face of this lively bit of criticism one does not stay to inquire if Mr. Chamberlain's soul be public property. "Never," says Mr. Herbert, "was soul so beset with carnality. . . . His soul requires to be hung out for at least a week on the highest mountain peak, or plunged into the sea beyond the three miles limit, in order to get rid of its earthly admixtures." If Mr. Chamberlain has taken the October *Nineteenth Century* with him on his Atlantic voyage he will scarcely have time to find that ocean "disappointing." Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, writing in opposition to Dr. Pearson, thinks there is something to be said for the New Drama, and Mr. James Macintyre that there is little or nothing to be said for the New Journalism. It is about time that someone told us what the New Journalism really is. M. Zola, as far as I know, never so much as mentioned it. Canon Irvine's reminiscences of Thackeray are very agreeable, if not particularly important. In the *Contemporary* the Rev. W. A. Cornaby discusses Chinese art as an index to the national character, and an anonymous writer in *Blackwood* has something to say about Chinese murders. There is nothing artistic about Chinese murders, and the artistic qualities of Chinese art are still debated. *Blackwood* is strongly of opinion that when any "missionary devils" are murdered in China, we ought at once to blow up something Chinese, as a means "of securing the goodwill and respect of the Mandarins and the people." Nevertheless, *Blackwood*, as a whole, is dull (exception must be made in favour of a racy account of a sixteen-hours' struggle with a 26lb. salmon); and of the general contents of the *Contemporary* it must at least be said that they are not for everybody. The *New Review* has a very diversified bill, and is altogether a capital number. If you are not interested in cholera, cancer, or the salvation of the House of Commons, there are Sir Augustus Harris on "Opera in England," ten pages of Mrs. Lynn Linton on "Town or Country?" a curiously interesting paper on "Weather Forecasts," by Mr. Robert H. Scott, and other subjects. One gathers from Mrs. Lynn Linton's article that she has been spending a holiday in the country, and that it was something of a shock to her. "No pink-fleshed salmon steak wrapped in its translucent paper cover, no kidneys on toast, no daintily trimmed lamb cutlets, no firm-flaked Finnon haddie," &c. Fancy that! Failing the pink-fleshed salmon and the kidneys on toast, Mrs. Linton has certainly got the rural population on toast in these pages. The post was another trial—one delivery in the morning, one outgoing mail in the afternoon, and the post office "a full half-mile away"—with no Underground to compass the journey, no "dashing hansom," no "smart little coupé," not even a "lumbering City bus"; nothing but "one punchy camel." Is it possible that even the camel service is so poorly organised in British rural parts at this day? *Macmillan's* would be a trifle dear this month but for Mr. Frederick Greenwood's suggestive and finely penned speculations on "The Great War" that is to be. Mr. Greenwood's views are awful, but there are some fine thrills to be got out of them. "The Great War" is not to be an affair between two nations; there are to be groups of nations—any number of European nations—engaged in it, and they are not impossibly to shiver one another out of existence. In this prophetic outlook European civilisation is finally disposed of, and Macaulay's New Zealander must then, or never, have his chance. He has tarried for it long. *Longman's* contains the best short story of the month—Mr. W. E. Norris's "Three-Bottle Comedy." If a bottle of horse-lotion, a bottle of curaçoa, and a bottle of hair-dye could possibly get mixed up in the manner in which Mr. Norris mixes them on the platform of St. Pancras Station it would not be easy to render more entertaining the subsequent misadventures of the persons in whose hands they are respectively placed. If "Dr. Chesterfield's Letters to his Son on Medicine as a Career" are Sir William Dalby's beginnings as an essayist, one must venture to compliment that eminent surgeon. More of these letters are desirable. The same is to be said of Mr. Lang's ghost stories. In *Temple Bar*, a writer, name unknown, has found it possible to be dull on so tingling a theme as the personality of Walt Whitman; and Mr. Fred Wishaw to be very readable upon the drunken dreariness of village life in Russia. Mr. A. L. Harris inquires, on the first page of the *Gentleman's*, "What Became of Rameses the Fourth?" Well, if one should think of it, what did become of Rameses the Fourth? Mr. Harris's query, however, is not addressed to professional diggers in Nile Land. Mr. C. D. Lanier's paper on quail-shooting, in *Harper's*, is perhaps the best of this month's sporting articles; and (in the same magazine) Mr. E. L. Weeks's "From Trebizond to Tabreez," charmingly illustrated by the author, is easily first among the articles of travel.

The conductors of the *Century*, as usual, have cast their net wide, and fetched in much; and I cannot pretend to do justice to a list of articles ranging from wood-paving in America to Napoleon in St. Helena. There is a bright paper on Béranger, and some delightful letters written by Walt Whitman during the war. The *English Illustrated* appears this month under the joint editorship of Sir William Ingram and Mr. Clement K. Shorter. I like the cover less than the contents, which are abundantly varied, light, and literary. The new editors have gone in strongly for fiction, and special mention must be made of the powerful and subtle opening of a story by Mr. Gilbert Parker, and of Mr. Robert Barr's "An Alpine Divorce." "The Whirligig of Time" is a gay gossip in paragraphs by Mr. L. F. Austin and Mr. A. R. Ropes. Lady Colin Campbell argues that ladies should smoke; and who should be at her heels with a counterblast if not Mrs. Lynn Linton? Illustrations are plentiful; see especially the witty little things with which Mr. Dudley Hardy enlivens the "Whirligig." TIGHE HOPKINS.



SOME LEADERS AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT BIRMINGHAM.

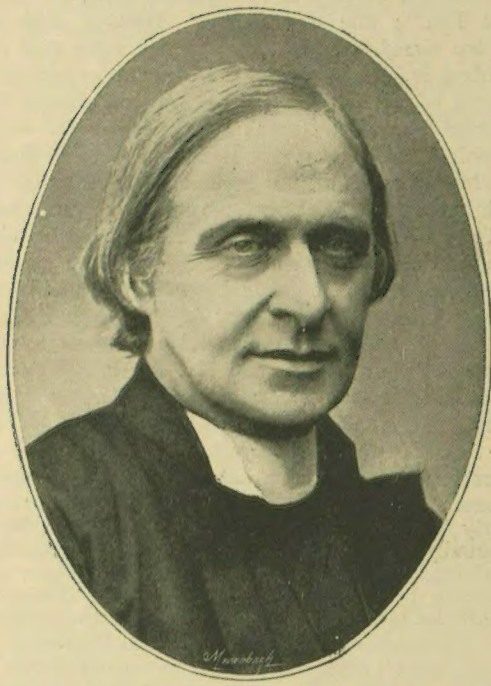


Photo by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

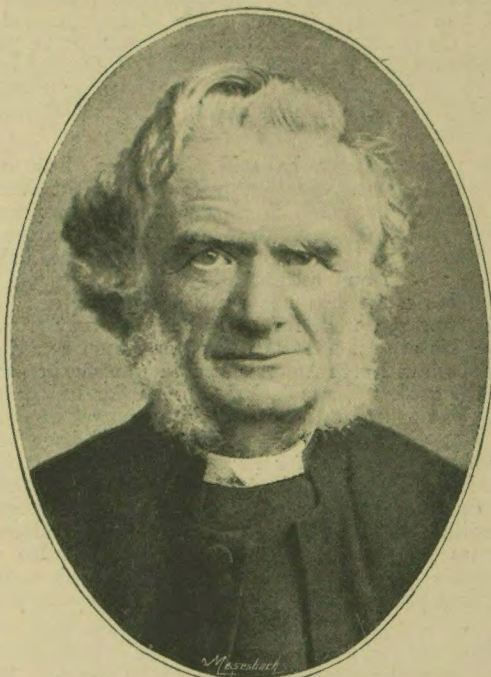


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THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

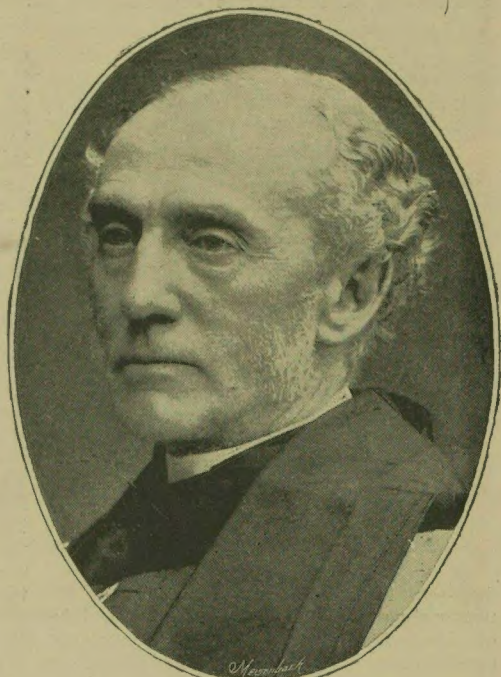


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THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

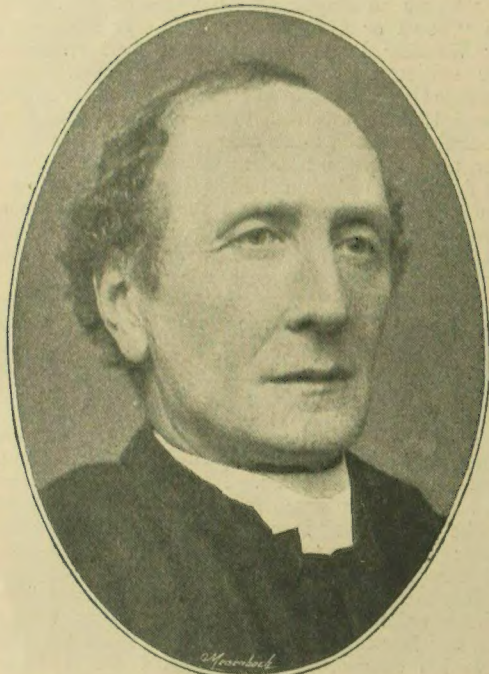


Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE REV. DR. FORREST.

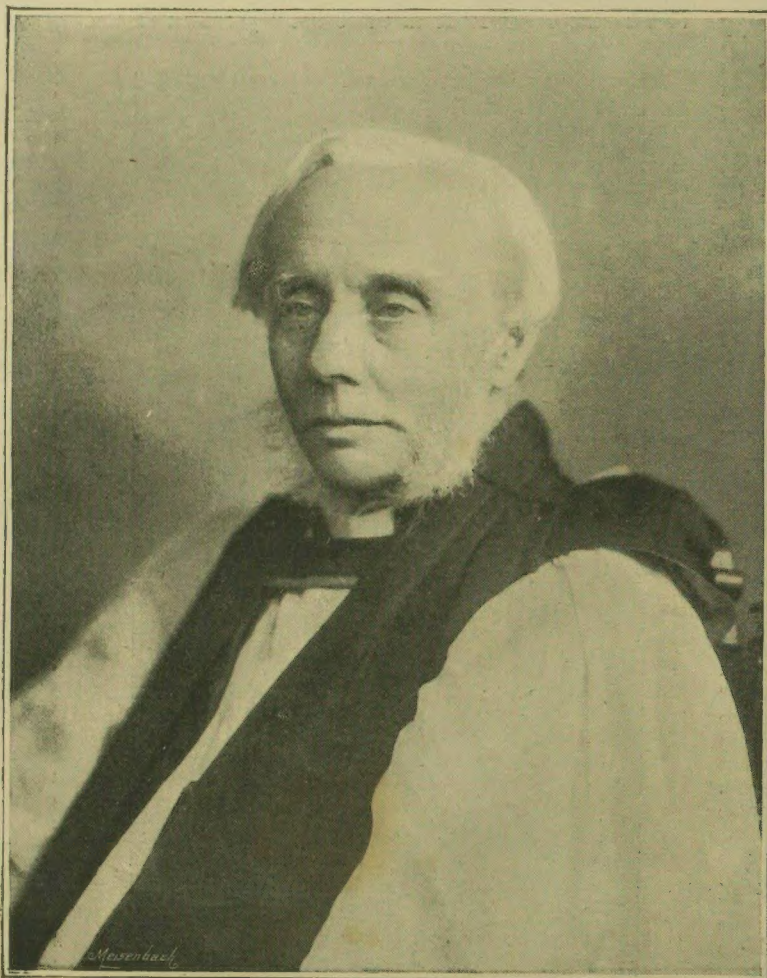


Photo by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.  
PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS.

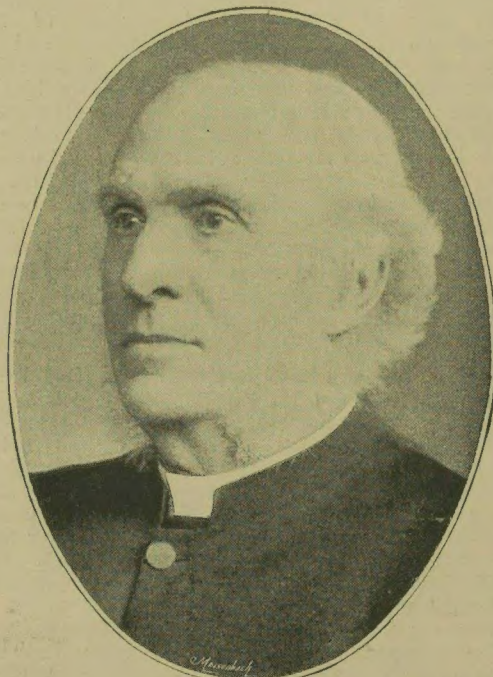


Photo by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

CANON WILKINSON.

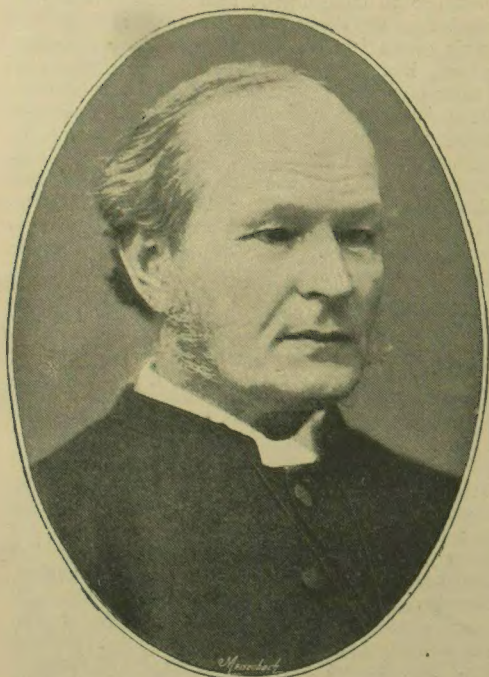


Photo by S. A. Walker, Regent Street.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

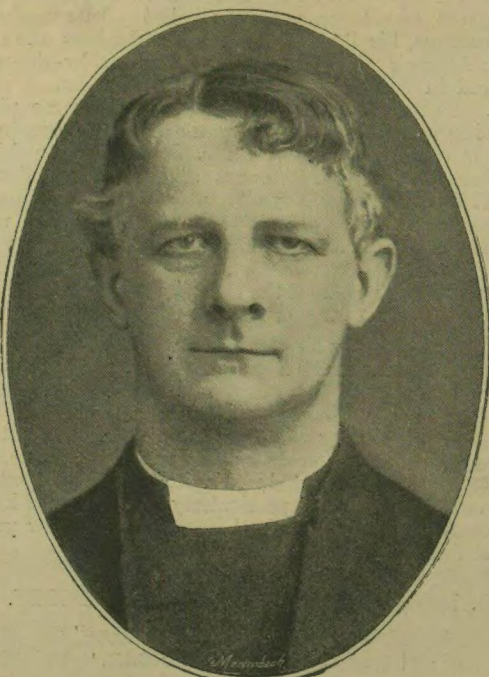


Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

THE BISHOP OF CHESTER.

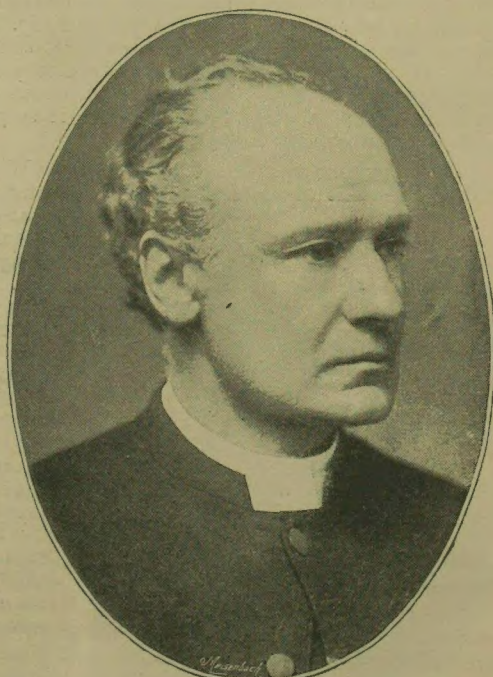
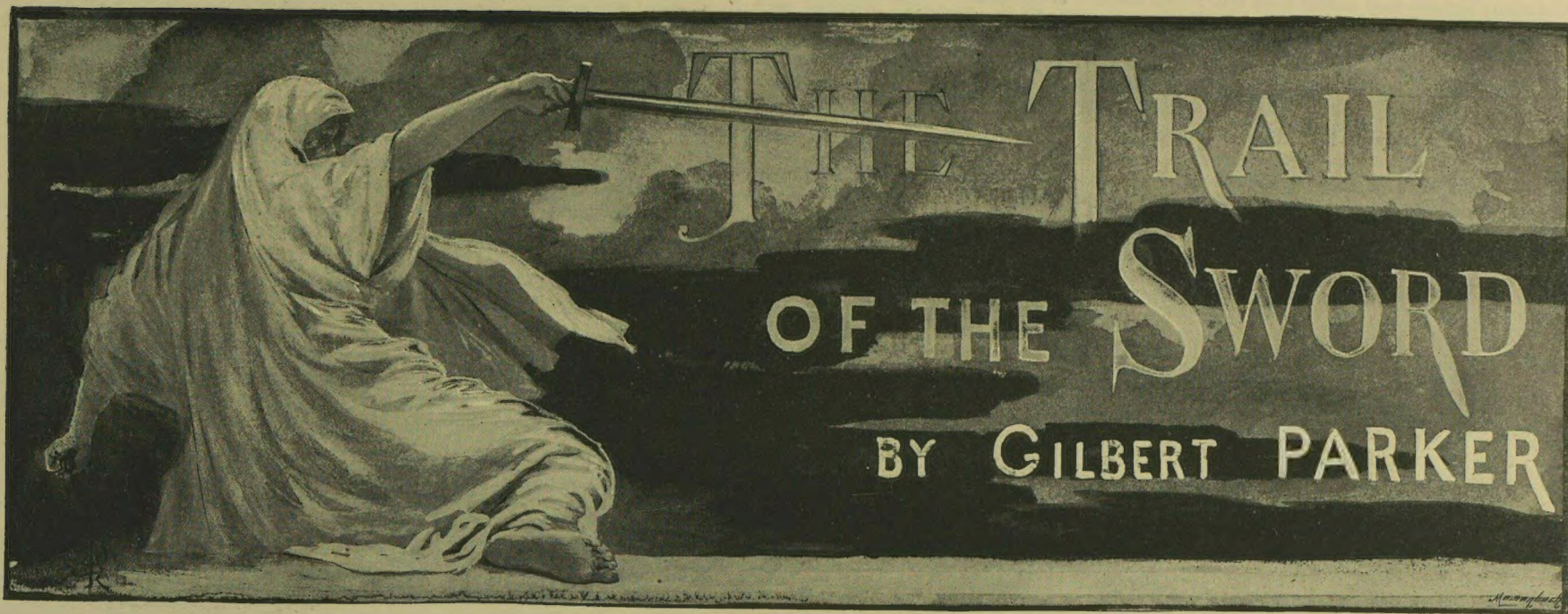


Photo by Lawrence, Dublin.

CANON WILBERFORCE.





## CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH THE SWORD IS SHEATHED.

And Gering: how had he escaped? and where was he?

Every nation has its traitors, and there was an English renegade soldier at Quebec. At Iberville's suggestion, he was made one of the guards of the prison. It was he that, pretending to let Gering win his confidence, at last aided him to escape through the narrow corner-door of his cell.

Gering got free of the citadel—miraculously, as he thought; and, striking off from the road, began to make his way by a roundabout to St. Charles River, where at some lonely spot he might find a boat. No alarm had been given, and, as time passed, his chances appeared growing, when suddenly there sprang from the grass round him armed men, who closed in, and at the points of swords and rapiers seized him. Scarcely a word was spoken by his captors, and he did not know who they were until, after a long détour, he was brought inside a manor-house: and there, in the light of flaring candles, faced Perrot and Iberville. It was Perrot who had seized him.

"Monsieur," said Perrot, saluting, "be sure this citadel is guarded better than that on the Heights." This said, he wheeled and left the room.

The two men were left alone.

Gering folded his arms, and stood defiant.

"Monsieur," said Iberville, in a low, stern voice, "we are fortunate to meet so at last."

"I do not understand you."

"Then let me speak of that which was unfortunate. Once you called me a fool and a liar. We fought, and were interrupted. We met again, with the same ending. I was wounded by the man Bucklaw. Before the wound was healed I had to leave for Quebec. Years passed; you know well how. We met in the Spaniards' country, where you killed my servant; and again at Fort Rupert, you remember. At the Fort you surrendered before we had a chance to fight. Again. We were on the hunt for treasure. You got it, and almost in your own harbour I found you, and fought you and a greater ship with you, and ran you down. As your ship sank, you sprang from it to my own ship—a splendid leap—to save your life. Then you were my guest, and we could not fight: all—all unfortunate!"

He paused. Gering was cool. He saw Iberville's purpose, and he was ready to respond to it.

"And then?" said Gering. "Your charge is long: is it finished?"

A hard light came into Iberville's eyes. "And then, Monsieur, you did me the honour to come to my own country. We did not meet in the fighting, and you killed my brother!" Iberville crossed himself. "Then"—his voice rankled as it rang—"you were captured: no longer a prisoner of war but one who had broken his parole by the acts of a spy. You were thrown into prison. You were tried and condemned to death. There remained two things: that you should be left to hang; or an escape—that we should meet here and now."

"You chose the better way, Monsieur."

"I treat you with consideration, I hope, Monsieur."

Gering waved his hand in acknowledgment.

"What weapons do you choose?"

Iberville laid on the table a number of swords.

"If I should survive this duel, Monsieur," questioned Gering, "shall I be free?"

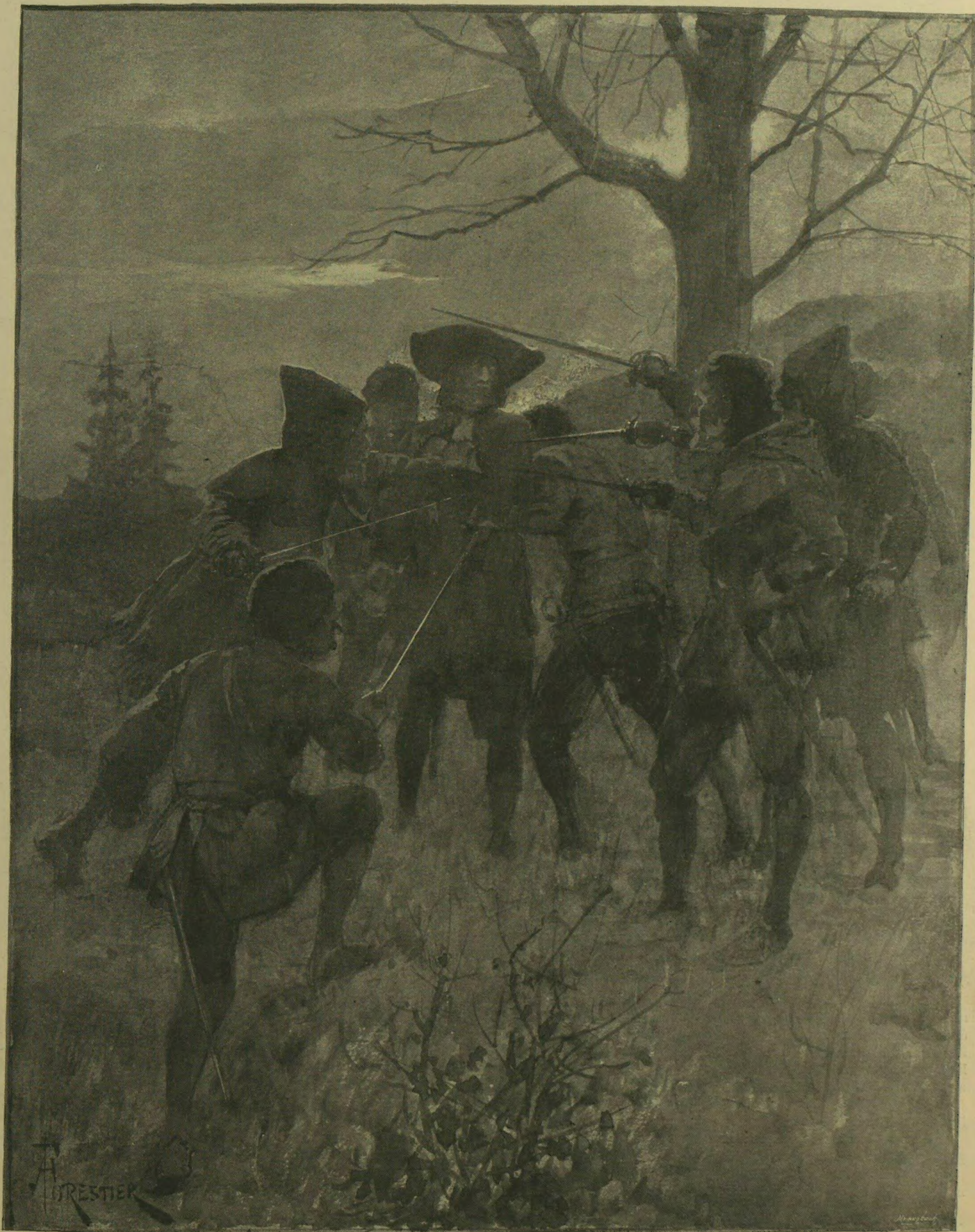
"Monsieur, escape will be unnecessary."

"Before we engage, let me say that I regret having killed your brother."

"Monsieur, I hope to deepen that regret," answered Iberville quietly.

They took up their swords.

Meanwhile, the Abbé and Jessica were making their way swiftly towards the Manor House. They scarcely spoke as they went. In Jessica's mind was a vague undefined horror. Lights sparkled on the crescent shore of Beauport, and the torches of fishermen flared upon the St. Charles.



No alarm had been given, and, as time passed, his chances appeared growing, when suddenly there sprang from the grass round him armed men, who closed in, and at the points of swords and rapiers seized him.



She looked back once towards the heights of Quebec and saw the fires of many homes—they scorched her eyes! She asked no questions. The priest beside her was silent, not looking at her at all. At last he turned and said, "Madame, whatever has happened, whatever may happen, I trust you will be brave."

"Monsieur l'Abbé," she answered, "I have travelled from Boston here—can you doubt it?"

The priest sighed. "May the hope that gave you strength remain, Madame!"

A little longer, and then they stood within a garden thick with plants and trees. As they passed through it, Jessica was vaguely aware of the rich fragrance of fallen leaves and the sound of waves washing the foot of the cliffs.

Just then the moon shot from behind a cloud, and all their faces could be seen. There was a flame in Jessica's eyes which Perrot could not stand. He turned away. She was too much the woman to plead weakly.

"Tell me," she said, "whose house this is."

"Madame, it is Monsieur Iberville's."

She could not check a gasp; but both the priest and the woodsman saw how intrepid was the struggle in her; and they both pitied.

"Now I understand! Oh, now I understand!" she cried.

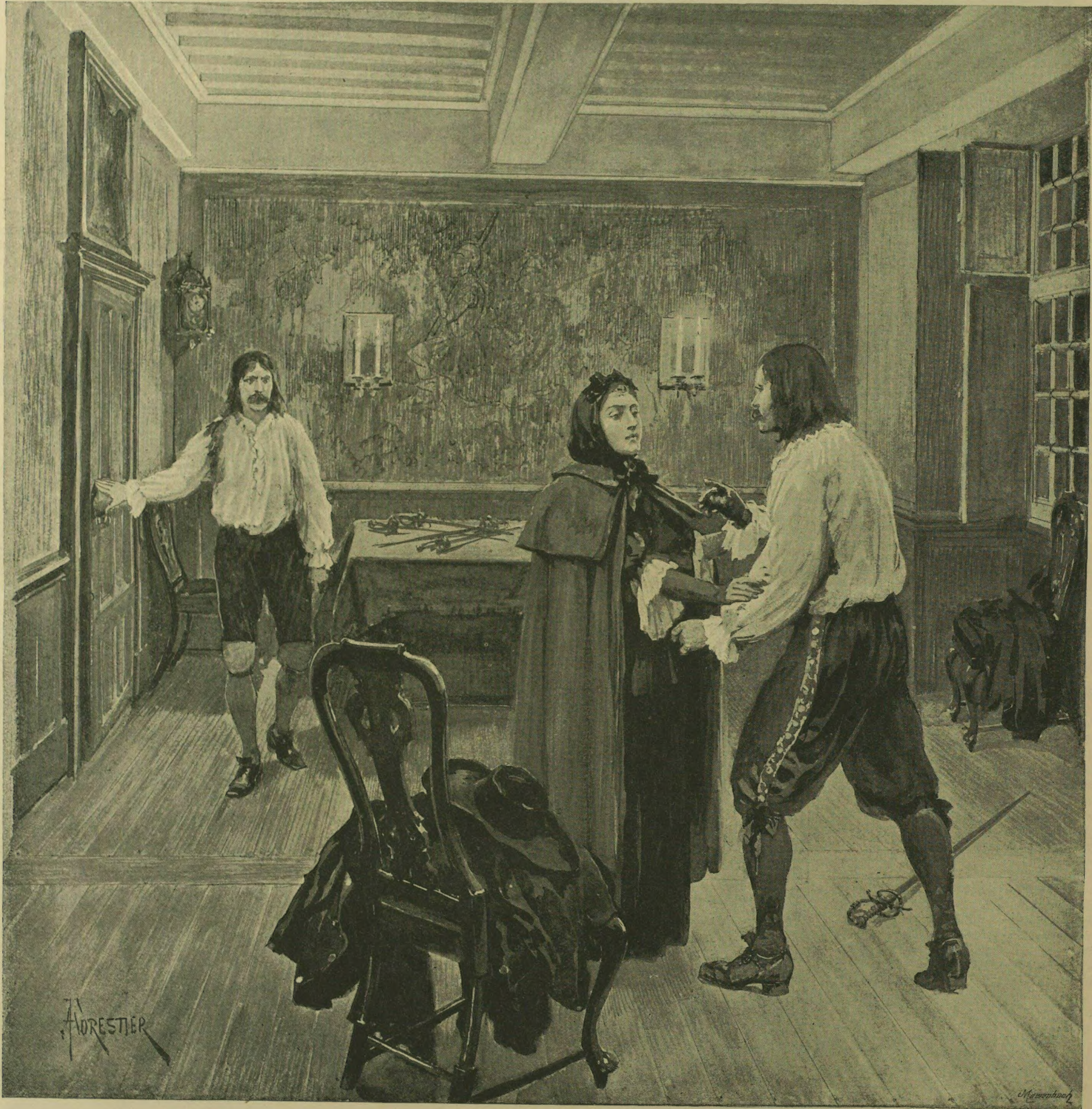
"A plot was laid. He was let escape that he might be cornered here: one single man against a whole country. Oh, cowards! cowards!"

Iberville gave me the world, when it were easy to have lost it. Now when the world is everything to me, because my husband lives in it, you would take his life and break mine."

Suddenly a thought flashed into her mind. Her eyes brightened, her hand trembled towards Perrot and touched him. "Once I gave you something, Monsieur, which I had worn on my own bosom. That little gift—the gift of a grateful girl: tell me, have you it still?"

Perrot drew from his doublet the medallion she had given him, and fingered it timidly.

"Then you value it," she added. "You value my gift, and yet when my husband is a prisoner, to what perilous ends God only knows, you deny me to him. I will not plead. I



*She placed her hands on the arms of her husband, who was about to clasp her to his breast, and said: "I am glad to find you, George."*

The Abbé gave a low call, and almost instantly Perrot stood before them. Jessica recognised him. With a little cry she stepped to him quickly, and placed her hand upon his arm. She did not seem conscious that he was her husband's enemy. Her husband's life was in danger, and it must be saved at any cost.

"Monsieur," she said, "where is my husband? You know. Tell me!"

Perrot put her hand from his arm gently, and looked at the priest in doubt and surprise.

The Abbé said not a word, but stood looking off into the night.

"Will you not tell me of my husband?" she repeated. "He is within that house?" She pointed to the Manor House.

"He is in danger. I will go to him."

She started, as if to make for the door, but he stepped before her. "Madame," he said, "you cannot enter!"

"Pardon me, Madame," said Perrot, bristling up, "not cowards! Your husband has a chance for his life. You know Monsieur Iberville—he is a man all honour. More than once he might have had your husband's life, but has given it to him."

He paused.

Her foot tapped the ground impatiently, her hands clasped before her. "Go on! oh, go on!" she said. "What is it? why is he there? Have you no pity, no heart?" She turned towards the priest. "You are a man of God. You said once that you would help me make peace between my husband and Monsieur Iberville, but you league here with his enemies."

"Madame, believe me, you are wrong. I have done all I could: I have brought you here."

"Yes, yes, forgive me," she replied. She turned to Perrot. "It is with you, then. You helped to save my life once—what right have you to destroy it now? You and Monsieur

ask as my right. I have come from Count Frontenac. He sent me to this good priest here. Were my husband in the citadel now I should be admitted. He is here with the man who, you know, once said he loved me. My husband is unjustly held a prisoner, I justly ask for entrance."

Pleading, apprehension, fearfulness seemed gone from her. She stood superior to her fear and sorrow. The priest reached a hand persuasively towards Perrot. He was about to speak, but Perrot, coming close to the woman, said: "The door is locked; they are there alone. I cannot let you in, but come with me. You have a voice: it may be heard. Come."

Presently all three were admitted into the dim hall-way.

How had it gone with Iberville and Gering?

The room was large, scantily, though comfortably furnished. For a moment after they took up their swords they



eyed each other calmly. Iberville presently smiled. He was recalling that night, years ago, when by the light of the old Dutch lantern, mere lads, they had fallen upon each other, swordsmen, even in those days, of more than usual merit. They had practised greatly since. Iberville was the taller of the two, Gering the stouter. Iberville's eye was slow, calculating, penetrating; Gering's was swift, strangely vigilant. Iberville's hand was large, compact, and supple; Gering's small and firm.

They drew and fell on guard. Each at first played warily. They were keen to know how much of skill was likely to enter into this duel, for each meant that it should be deadly. In the true swordsman there is found that curious sixth sense, which is a combination of touch, sight, apprehension, divination. They had scarcely made half-a-dozen passes before each knew that he was pitted against a master of the art—an art partly lost in an age which better loves to talk of swords than the handling of them. But the advantage was with Iberville, not merely because of more practice—Gering made up for that by a fine certainty of nerve—but because he had a prescient quality of mind, coupled with the calculation of the perfect gamester.

From the first Iberville played a waiting game. He knew Gering's impulsive nature, and he wished to draw him on, to irritate him as only one swordsman can irritate another. Gering suddenly led off with a disengage from the carte line into tierce, and, as he expected, met the short parry and riposte. Gering tried by many means to draw Iberville's attack, and, failing to do so, played more rapidly than he ought; which was what Iberville sought.

Presently Iberville's chance came. In the carelessness of annoyance, Gering left part of his sword arm uncovered, while he was meditating a complex attack, and he paid the penalty by getting a sharp prick from Iberville's sword-point. The warning came to Gering in time. When they crossed swords again, Iberville, whether by chance or momentary want of skill, parried Gering's disengage from tierce to carte on to his own left shoulder.

Both had now got a taste of blood; and there is nothing like that to put the lust of fighting into a man. For a moment or two the fight went on with no special feat, but so hearty became the action that Iberville, seeing Gering flag a little—due somewhat to loss of blood—suddenly opened so rapid an attack on the advance that it was all Gering could do to parry, without thought of riposte, the successive lunges of the swift blade. As he retreated, Gering felt, as he broke ground, that he was nearing the wall, and, even as he parried, incautiously threw a half glance over his shoulder to see how near. Iberville saw his chance, his finger was shaping a fatal lunge, when there suddenly came from the hall-way a woman's voice. So weird was it that both swordsmen drew back, and once more Gering's life was waiting in the hazard.

Strange to say, Iberville recognised the voice first. He was angered with himself now that he had paused upon the lunge and saved Gering. Suddenly there rioted madly in him the disappointed vengeance of years. He had lost her once by sparing this man's life. Should he lose her again? His sword flashed upward.

At that moment Gering recognised his wife's voice. He turned pale. "My wife!" he said.

They closed again. Gering was now as cold as he had before been ardent. He played with malicious strength and persistency. His nerves seemed of iron. But there had come to Iberville the sardonic joy of one who plays for the final hazard, knowing that he shall win. There was one great move he had reserved for the last. With the woman's voice at the door beseeching, her fingers trembling upon the panel, they could not prolong the fight. Therefore, at the moment when Gering was pressing Iberville hard, the Frenchman suddenly, with a trick of the Italian school, threw his left leg *en arrière* and made a lunge, which, ordinarily, would have spitted his enemy, but at the critical moment one word came ringing clearly through the locked door. It was his own name, not Iberville, but—"Pierre!"

Never had he heard that voice speak that name. It put out his judgment, and instead of his sword passing through Gering's body it only grazed his ribs.

Perhaps there was in him some ancient touch of superstition, some sense of fatalism, which now made him rise to his feet and throw his sword upon the table.

"Monsieur," he said, "again we are unfortunate!"

Then he went to the door, unlocked it, and threw it open upon Jessica. She came in upon them trembling, pale, yet glowing with the flame of her anxiety.

Instantly Iberville was all courtesy. One could not have guessed that he had just been engaged in a deadly conflict. As his wife entered, Gering put his sword aside. He now stood panting with excitement. Iberville closed the door, and the three stood looking at each other for a moment. As scarcely could have been expected, Jessica did not throw herself into her husband's arms. The position was too painful, too tragic, for even the great emotion in her heart. Behind Iberville's courtesy she read the deadly mischief. She had a power born for imminent circumstances. Her mind was made up as to her course. It had been made up when, at the critical moment, she had called out Iberville's Christian name. She rightly judged that this had saved her husband's life, for she guessed that Iberville was the better swordsman. She placed her hands on the arms of her husband who was about to clasp her to his breast, and said: "I am glad to find you, George." But that was all.

He also had heard that cry, "Pierre!" and he felt shamed that his life was spared because of it—he knew well why the sword had not gone through his body. She felt less humiliation because, as it seemed to her, she had a right to ask of Iberville what no other woman could ask for her husband.

A moment after they were all seated at Iberville's request. Iberville had pretended not to notice the fingers which had half fluttered towards him. As yet nothing had been said about the duel, as if by tacit consent. So far as Jessica was concerned it might never have happened. As for the men, the swords were there, hardly dry from the blood which they had drawn, but they made no sign. Iberville put meat and wine and fruit upon the table, and pressed Jessica to take

refreshment. She responded, for it was in keeping with her purpose. Presently Iberville said, as he poured a glass of wine for her: "Had you been expected, Madame, there were better entertainment."

"Your entertainment, Monsieur," she replied, "has two sides"—she glanced at the swords—"and this is the better."

"If it pleases you, Madame!"

"I dare not say," she returned, "that my coming was either pleasant or expected."

He raised his glass towards her, "Madame, I am proud to pledge you once more. I recall the first time that we met."

"You came, an ambassador of peace to the Governor of New York. Monsieur, I come, an ambassador of peace to you."

"Yes, I remember. You asked me then what was the greatest, bravest thing I ever did. You ever had a cheerful spirit, Madame."

"Monsieur," she rejoined, with feeling, "will you let me answer that question for you now? The bravest and greatest thing you ever did was to give back to a woman her happiness."

"Have I done so?"



He raised the sword solemnly, and pressed his lips against the hilt-cross.

"In your heart, yes, I believe. A little while ago my husband's life and freedom were in your hands—you will place them in mine now, will you not?"

Iberville did not reply directly. He twisted his wine-glass round, sipped from it pleasantly, and said: "Pardon me, Madame, how were you admitted here?"

She told him.

"Singular, singular!" he replied; "I never knew Perrot fail me before. But you have eloquence, Madame, and he knew, no doubt, that you would always be welcome to my home!"

There was that in his voice which sent the blood stinging through Gering's veins. He half came to his feet, but his wife's warning, pleading glance brought him to his chair again.

"Monsieur Iberville, tell me, will you give my husband his freedom?"

"Madame, his life is the State's."

"But he is in your hands now. Will you not set him free? You know that the charge against him is false—false! He is no spy. Oh! Monsieur, you and he have been enemies, but you know that he could not do a dishonourable thing."

"Madame, my charges against him are true."

"I know what they are, but this strife is not worthy of you, and it is shaming me. Monsieur, you know I speak truly."

"You called me Pierre a little while ago," he said; "will you not now?"

His voice was deliberate, every word hanging in its utterance. He had a courteous smile, an apparent abandon of manner, but there was devilry behind all, for here, for the first time, he saw this woman, fought for and lost, in his presence with her husband, begging that husband's life of him. Why had she called him Pierre? Was it because she knew it would touch a tender corner of his heart? Should that be so—well, he would wait!

"Will you listen to me?" she said, in a low, gentle voice.

"I love to hear you speak," was his reply, and he looked into her eyes as he had boldly looked years before, but his gaze made her drop her eyes with a kind of fear. There was revealed to her all that was in his mind.

"Then, hear me," she said slowly. "There was a motherless young girl. She had as fresh and cheerful a heart as any in the world. She had not many playmates, but there was a young boy who shared her sports and pleasant hours. Once in very early days he saved her life. Years passed. She was nearing womanhood, the young man was still her friend, but in his mind there had come something deeper. A young stranger also came, handsome, brave, strong and brilliant. He was such a man as any girl could like, and any man admire. The girl liked him and she admired him. The two young men quarrelled. They fought, and the girl parted them. Again they would have fought, but this time the girl's life was in danger. The stranger was wounded in saving her. She owed him a debt, such a debt as only a woman can feel; because a woman loves a noble deed more than she loves her life—a good woman."

She paused, and for an instant something shook in her throat. Her husband looked at her with a deep wonder. And although Iberville's eyes played with his glass of wine, they were fascinated by her face, and his ear was strangely charmed by her voice.

"Will you go on?" he said.

"The three parted. The girl never forgot the stranger. What might have happened if he had always been near her who can tell—who can tell? Again, in later years, the two men met, the stranger the aggressor—without due cause."

"Pardon me, Madame, the deepest cause," said Iberville, meaningly.

"The girl, believing that what she was expected to do would be best for her, promised her hand in marriage. At this time the stranger came. She saw him but for a day, for an hour, then he passed away. Time went on again; and the two men met in battle—men now, not boys. Again the stranger was the victor. She married the defeated man. Perhaps she did not love him as much as he loved her, but she knew that the other love, the love of the stranger, was impossible—impossible! She came to care for her husband more and more. She came to love him. She might have loved the stranger—who can tell? But a woman's heart cannot be seized as a ship or a town. Believe me, Monsieur, I speak the truth. . . Years again passed: her husband's life was in the stranger's hand. Through great danger the woman travelled to plead for her husband's life. Monsieur, she does not plead for an unworthy cause. She pleads for justice, in the name of all honourable warfare, for the sake of all noble manhood. Can he, will he, refuse her?"

She paused. Gering's eyes were glistening. The woman's incredible honesty, her eloquence, her simple sincerity, showed her to him in a new, strong light. Upon Iberville, the greater of the two, it had still a greater effect. He sat still for a moment, looking at the woman with the profound gaze of one moved to the soul. He got to his feet slowly, opened the door, and quietly calling Perrot, whispered to him. Perrot threw up his hands in surprise, and hurried away.

Iberville shut the door. Neither man had made any show of caring for their wounds. Still silent, Iberville drew forth linen and laid it upon the table. Then he went to the window, and as he looked through the parted curtains out upon the water—the room hung over the edge of the cliff—he bound his own shoulder. Gering had lost blood, but, weak as he was, he carried himself well. For fully half an hour Iberville stood motionless while the wife bound her husband's wounds.

At length the door opened, and Perrot entered. Iberville did not hear him at first. Perrot came over to him. "All is ready, Monsieur," he said.

Iberville came to the table where stood the husband and wife. Perrot waited without. Iberville picked up a sword and laid it beside Gering. He waved his hand towards the door.

"You are free to go, Monsieur," he said. "You will have escort to your country. Go now—pray, go quickly."

He feared he might suddenly repent of his action. He then went to the door, and held it open for them to pass. Gering picked up the sword, found the belt and sheath, and stepped to the doorway with his wife. Here he paused as if he would speak to Iberville. He was ready now for final peace. But Iberville's eyes looked resolutely away. Gering sighed, and passed into the hall-way. Now the wife stood beside Iberville. She looked at him steadily. At first he would not meet her eye. Presently, however, he did so.

"Good-bye," she said, "I shall always remember."

His reply was bitter. "Good-bye, I shall forget."

She passed on, but presently turned, as if she could not bear that kind of parting, and stretched out her hands to him.

"Monsieur! Pierre!" she cried in a weak, choking voice.

He caught both her hands in his, and kissed them once.

"I shall—remember," he said with incomparable gentleness.

Iberville was alone. He stood for a moment looking at the closed door, then, all at once, went to the table, sat down, and threw his head forward in his arms.

An hour afterwards Count Frontenac entered upon him. He was in the same position. Frontenac touched him on the shoulder. He rose. The Governor did not speak, but caught him by the shoulders with both hands, and held him so for a moment. Iberville picked up his sword from the table. He spoke—

"Once, Sir, you said it was a choice between the woman and the sword."

He raised the sword solemnly, and pressed his lips against the hilt-cross.

THE END.



## THE INSURRECTION IN BRAZIL.

Since the revolution of Nov. 15, 1889, when the late Emperor Dom Pedro II. was deposed, the "United States of Brazil" have been under a republican form of government, with a President—Marshal Floriano Peixoto superseding Marshal da Fonseca on Nov. 23, 1891, and holding the executive power—and with a National Congress, which consists of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. Election is by

universal suffrage. There are twenty-one States or provinces, with an aggregate population of ten millions, including those of Rio de Janeiro, Minas Geraes, Bahia, São Paulo, Pernambuco, Ceará, Pará, Maranhão, Paraíba, Alagoas, Rio Grande do Sul, and others. The purely white race are not a quarter of the total population, the upper classes being chiefly of Portuguese descent. The remainder are of mixed race, or negroes, or South American Indians.

goods—cotton and woollen manufactures, iron, machinery, and coal, subject to heavy customs duties—is less than that amount. Brazil has about 5000 miles of railway completed and open for traffic. There are four or five gold-mines worked by English or French companies, and the country is believed to possess much mineral wealth, besides its forests, cattle, and agricultural resources. The Brazilian regular army numbers about 30,000, thirty-six battalions of infantry and twelve regiments of cavalry, with garrison troops, artillery, and engineers; and there is a gendarmerie of 15,000 men. The navy consists of three sea-going ironclads, of which the turret-ship Riachuelo is the most powerful, the Aquidaban and the Javari being next in strength; six coast-defence armoured ships, a dozen torpedo-boats, and six or seven unarmoured cruisers, with about twenty gun-boats. There are naval arsenals at Rio de Janeiro, Pará, Pernambuco, Bahia, and Ladário, in Matto Grosso. The Republic has a national debt of £120,000, with a large amount of paper money, reckoned in milreis, a coin that should be worth 2s. 3d., but the rate of exchange has sometimes fallen to half that value.

The chief cities of Brazil, Rio de Janeiro, the capital, Bahia



DOM PEDRO II. SQUARE, RIO DE JANEIRO.

in the streets and markets. The shores and isles of the bay are always beautiful; at this moment, however, they are the scene of fierce fighting between the insurgents and the Government forces. Admiral José de Mello, with his naval squadron, blockades the port, occasionally bombards the city, and has captured the town of Niteroy. It is probable that a few days more will determine the issue of the conflict.

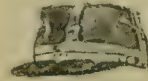


GENERAL VIEW OF RIO DE JANEIRO FROM THE BAY.

The export trade to England—mostly in raw cotton, sugar, caoutchouc, and coffee—may be valued at about three millions sterling annually, while the import of British

and Pernambuco, to the north, which are large commercial ports, and, to the south of Rio, the town of Santos, which is the port of the province of São Paulo, are on the Atlantic sea-coast. Rio de Janeiro is situated on the western shore of a grand oval bay, twenty miles wide and thirty miles long, surrounded by granitic mountains of the most romantic aspect, the Pão de Açúcar, or Sugar-loaf, rising to the left hand as the bay is entered, with the Gávea, the Corcovado, and others of fantastic shape; while to the right the land projects further seaward to a double promontory. Inland, on every side, the view is bounded by fine mountain ranges, the sides of which are mostly clad with luxuriant forests; the Organ mountains are seen far off to the west. The entrance to the bay is defended by the fort of Santa Cruz, the batteries of San Theodosio, opposite to that fort, and those of the small island of Lagem. The town of Niteroy, on the eastern shore of the bay, opposite to the city of Rio de Janeiro, is the seat of a provincial government. Rio de Janeiro itself, with its quays and its suburbs, occupies several miles of the shore; its central part is between the Castle of San Sebastian and the Morro Bento, and presents a stately appearance when approached from the sea. The suburb of Botafogo is most attractive, with the fine Botanic Gardens. But the interior of this city is not magnificent; the principal streets, such as the Rua do Ouvidor and the Rua Primeiro de Março, are too narrow for much carriage traffic, and there are few handsome buildings. The churches of La Cadellaria and La Gloria are stately edifices. The palace of San Christoval, two miles outside the city, looks more like a barrack. The population, exceeding 300,000, contains a large number of Europeans, French, Germans, English, and Americans, as well as Portuguese; but negroes are most abundant

DRILL ORDER.



REVIEW ORDER.



Mellon P.  
1891.

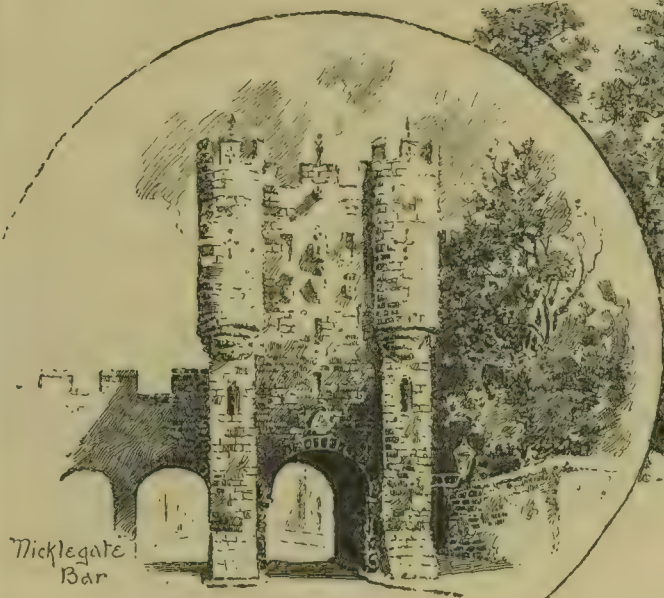


BRAZILIAN INFANTRY OF THE LINE: FIELD KIT.



BRAZILIAN CAVALRY SOLDIER.





Micklegate Bar



York from the City Walls.



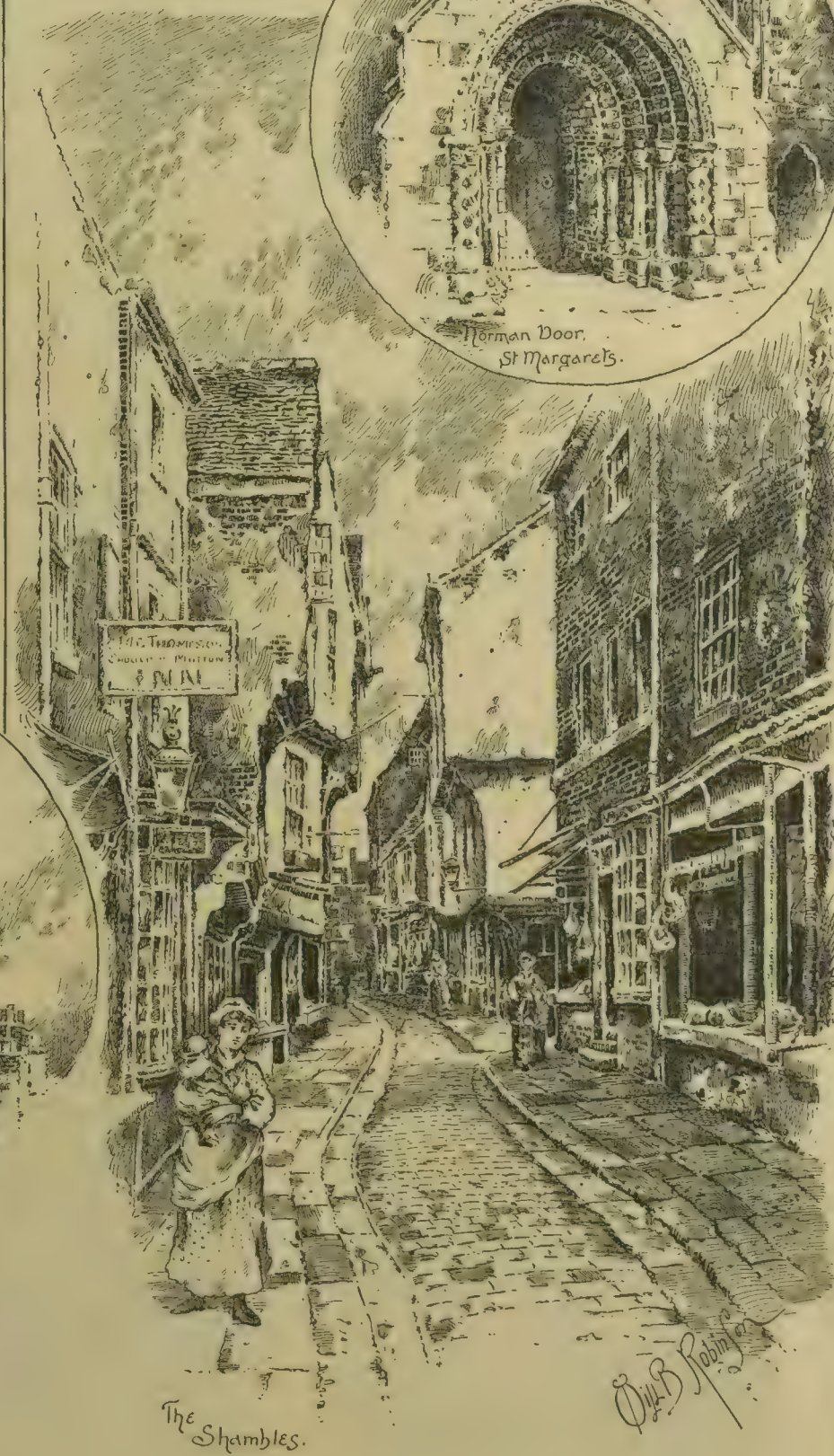
St. William's College.



Norman Door, St. Margaret's.



Bootham Bar



The Shambles.

Wm B. Robinson



## A JOURNEY THROUGH MOROCCO: SKETCHES BY G. MONTBARD.

Wazan, the centre of the Mussulman ecclesiastical system in North-west Africa, the abode of the Shereef or ruling patriarch of Islam, has been described. The agreeable situation of this small city, on the northern slope of the olive-grown range of hills called the Djebel Boullol, is

flesh and the devil"; often to the music of a fiddler, holding the tuneful stringed instrument in his right hand and the bow in his left; or of a negro minstrel with a guitar formed of a hollow gourd. Next to the stately Moors, the lords of this barbaric realm, some of the privileged beggars are the most dignified figures, with very noble manners. The Jewesses are handsome women, often wearing costly ornaments purchased by the trading and financial skill of their kinsmen. In this city there are some fifteen hundred Jews, not so badly treated as elsewhere.

There is a certain rivalry of ecclesiastical influence between the Order of Mulai Taieb and the numerous widespread religious community of the Aïssaoua, founded at Moquinez by a leader named Mohammed ben Aïssa, belonging to another branch of the Djazouli family, through whom the Shereef of Wazan claims hereditary spiritual authority, tracing descent by thirty or forty generations from the Prophet of Mecca. The Aïssaoua have also a mosque for their separate use at Wazan, but they are more popular in other districts of Morocco, and their characteristics resemble those of some of the most extravagant orders of friars in mediæval Christendom, whereas the disciples of Mulai Taieb, endowed and established, possessing large estates and inviolable privileges, are like the monks of Europe at the height of their prosperity. Their system is a kind of close religious Freemasonry, with rites of initiation, administered by the Mukaddems of the Zaouias, or Lodges, and with oaths of implicit obedience to the Sheikh or Master of the Lodge to which the novice is admitted. It is remarkable that this system originated, in the Mohammedan nation which is nearest to Spain, about the same time when the Order of the Jesuits was founded by Ignatius Loyola, and there is a curious similarity in their terms of initiation.

The Aïssaoua, who are met with everywhere, perform wild antics of enthusiastic frenzy, like the dancing dervishes of the East, and excite the astonishment of the populace by marvellous feats, swallowing bits of broken glass or sharp stones, cutting themselves with knives, and playing with venomous snakes which are allowed to bite them, as well as jumping, rolling on the ground, writhing, howling,

and foaming at the mouth, in an artificial ecstasy. During these performances they are often nearly naked, and horribly besmeared with blood. One of their most disgusting tricks is that of devouring the raw flesh of a sheep or goat, which is torn to pieces alive by the hands of a crowd of these raging madmen or savage ruffians, in the

public street or market-place. There is as much waving of banners and sounding of tom-toms as in a procession of the Salvation Army in England, besides great firing of guns, when the Aïssaoua are on the war-path. It would be an error, however, to ascribe the excesses of



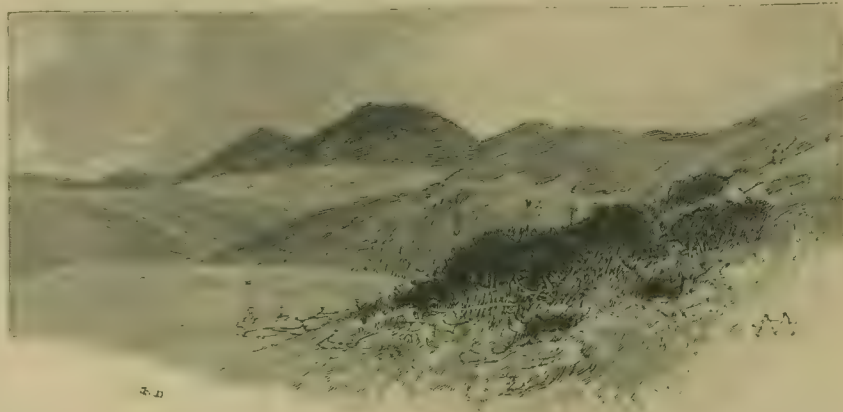
A DEVOTEE AT WAZAN.

shown in our Artist's view. He has sketched also the figures of persons of different classes and races of the population. Religious devotees and pilgrims to the sacred shrines and tombs of the saints, or members of the orthodox corporations, such as the powerful Order of Mulai



VIEW OF WAZAN.

Taieb, with its "Khouans" or affiliated disciples, to which the Sultan himself belongs, are conspicuous at Wazan. A very holy man sits in a corner quite rapt in pious meditation, and rarely speaks to his fellow-creatures. Meanwhile, the Moorish world goes its way, the world too often, as in other countries, "arm in arm with the



MOUNTAINS NEAR ALCAZAR.

fanaticism or superstition to any essential principles of Islam.

The Moors are an idle people; the Berbers are laborious agriculturists; the Jews are skilful artisans and traders. These three distinct races inhabit the plains and towns of Morocco. In the highlands dwell many half-conquered, unruly tribes, averse to the Sultan, unwilling to pay taxes



A JEWISH WOMAN.

until forced to do so, once in four or five years, by a military expedition, to order which is the business of Government.

The Jews gain a tolerable livelihood by working in metal, leather, embroidery, and other crafts, buying and selling, importing European wares, serving as clerks or scribes, lending money, and even practising as medical men.



A MOORISH MUSICIAN.



A BEGGAR.



A BLACK MINSTREL.



## THE BIRMINGHAM CHURCH CONGRESS.

The Church Congress of 1893 has been in session this week at Birmingham. It is curious that an institution which is now thirty-three years old should never before have met in the city which likes to be called the capital of the Midlands. The Congress has been twice held by at Wolverhampton; it has met at Derby, at Leicester, at Stoke, and at Nottingham. But although it has thus resorted to the Midlands and adjacent counties, it has avoided the most obvious and attractive locality of all. It is not that the Church life of Birmingham has been wanting in the vigour which would have made such a choice natural and appropriate. Despite the militant form of Radicalism associated with Birmingham, the Church has long been singularly powerful there. Perhaps the strong democratic air of the place has suited the Church; perhaps it has been peculiarly fortunate in the incumbents sent to preside over its chief parishes. Whatever the explanation may be, there is no town in the kingdom where the Church of England may with more confidence invite inspection than in Birmingham.

The Congress Committee showed a readiness to meet the needs of varying circumstances which has not always been discoverable on other occasions. When, for example, the Parish Councils Bill dawned on the horizon, and was described by competent authorities as endangering some ecclesiastical interests, the committee, with praiseworthy promptitude, made room for a discussion of the Bill. The result was that in place of an entire afternoon given up to the old topic of Church patronage, the Congress heard two papers on Parish Councils from Chancellor Dibdin and Mr. P. V. Smith.

For the sermons it was inevitable that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Durham should have been chosen, for both were educated under Prince Lee at the school of King Edward's foundation in Birmingham. Many members of the Archbishop's family are buried in one of the old churchyards of the city; and he has never lost his interest in Birmingham. Perhaps, too, as the preponderating feeling among Birmingham Churchmen is Evangelical, it was also natural that Archdeacon Farrar should be asked to preach the third sermon.

The discussions of the Congress have throughout had a strong local colour, thus the place of honour on the programme was given to the increase of the Episcopate—one of the earliest subjects to which the Congress gave itself, and one which has been frequently found on its programme. In Birmingham it connected itself naturally with the scheme for giving Birmingham a bishop of its own. Under these circumstances the appearance of the Archbishop was peculiarly appropriate. The discussion of religious education was also very much to the point in a city which has magnificent educational advantages for all classes and yet sees the Church schools holding their own. This brought up the Head Master of Rugby, and another head master in that very eminent ex-cricketer, the Hon. E. Lyttelton. Wednesday's examination of social and labour questions was again wisely arranged. It was opened by Mr. Alexander Chance, a distinguished Birmingham Churchman, who was succeeded by Sir William Houldsworth. Alderman Phillips, "the Dockers' friend," introduced a new element into the programme, speaking from an intimate knowledge of an exceedingly poor and difficult parish in East London. On Thursday the discussion on "The Church of England in Relation to other Bodies of Christians" had also a strong local interest, for the President of the Congress is the only member of the English Episcopate who has distinctly allied himself with the Reunion cause. His own relations with Nonconformity, both when Dean of Peterborough and as Bishop of Worcester, have always been of the most friendly kind. He was kept in countenance by the Archbishop of Dublin, whose ardent support of the Reformed Church in Spain and Portugal has not been observed with entire contentment by all Churchmen. By way of compensation to High Anglicans, the Rev. Charles Gore, of "Lux Mundi" fame, read a paper, and then, perfectly to preserve the balance, the Rev. Handley Moule, the recognised leader of Cambridge Evangelicals, came in as a selected speaker. The fact that the Nonconformists of Birmingham had given the Congress an address of welcome, and that well-known leaders, such as Dr. Dale, had opened their houses to Anglican guests, lent emphasis to the talk of reunion.

But when there was no local colour the programme was still judiciously framed. Church Reform brought up a very singular combination in Lord Halifax, Sir R. Lighton, Archdeacon Farrar, and Canon Venables, for the due discussion of Church services. It was a rather singular combination; attractive, no doubt, but perilous. The discussion of a "preaching order" which followed was tame by comparison, but interesting and practical. There was a useful debate on Wednesday evening upon the well-worn but always fruitful theme of Home Missions. The committee had cunningly introduced that eminent and most genial of Broad Churchmen, Canon S. A. Barnett, into a little body of recognised Evangelicals and High Churchmen. The relations between science and faith nearly always turn up at these meetings. Sir George Stokes was no stranger to the Congress or the subject, and Professor Bouney is almost inevitable on such an occasion; but the appearance of Dr. Lauder Brunton was novel and welcome. The same day saw another almost inevitable subject reappear in "The Financial Condition of the Clergy," coupled, appropriately enough, with one on "The Church of the Poor." In this case the little group of speakers showed a curious and happy variety. Mr. Philip Lyttelton-Gell may be taken to represent Toynbee Hall; Mr. Edward Clifford the Church Army, Mr. E. Hoskyns the Church in East London, and Canon Quirk (formerly of Rotherham) the Church in mining districts. The foreign missions session was less attractive than usual, but brought up Sir C. Euan-Smith, who when on the East African Coast showed a very

warm interest in the work both of the C.M.S. in Uganda and of the Universities' Mission. Another old subject appeared in "The Church and the Press." Hitherto it has been largely discussed by outsiders: this year the programme was strengthened by the inclusion of two journalists of long and varied experience—Mr. Bunce of the *Birmingham Post* and the Rev. A. R. Buckland, morning preacher at the Foundling.

But the feature which will distinguish the Birmingham Congress above all others was its array of working men's meetings. Two addresses were given on the Saturday afternoons immediately before and after the Congress, when Archdeacon Farrar and the Bishop of Ripon were the speakers. Three meetings were held in the evenings of Congress week. The Church and the Masses, Licensing Reform, and the Relations between Church and State were some of the topics discussed by the Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop of Wakefield, the Dean of Norwich, Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Wilberforce, Canon Jacob, and others whom men are always ready to hear. It was a bold and wise experiment, for which the Birmingham Committee deserve the thanks of Churchmen.

## SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND, K.C.I.E.

The special envoy of the British Indian Government to the Ameer Abdurrahman, the ruler of Afghanistan, at Cabul, is Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, Knight Companion of the Indian Empire, and Secretary for the Foreign Department at Simla. He was born in India in 1850, son of the late



SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND, K.C.I.E., BRITISH INDIAN ENVOY TO CABUL.

Major-General Sir Henry Marion Durand, R.E., K.C.S.I.; was educated in England, at the Blackheath Proprietary School, was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1872, entered the Bengal Civil Service, and has, since 1874, held different offices in the Foreign Department of the General Government of India. He acted as political secretary to General Sir Frederick Roberts (now Lord Roberts) in the Cabul campaign of September 1879; in June 1880 he became officiating private secretary to the Viceroy of India; and in February 1885 Secretary for the Foreign Department.

The rising of the Nile is deficient this season, and it is estimated that 10,000 acres of land in Upper Egypt will be deprived of irrigation. The consequences would have been much more serious but for the new irrigation canals constructed during the last few years.

The Middlesex County Council and Court of Quarter Sessions have now taken possession of the new offices which have been erected on the site of the old Middlesex Sessions House in the Broad Sanctuary, Westminster. The new buildings, although not yet decorated, are in a fit condition for the business of the Council and Court of Quarter Sessions to be carried on there.

An alarming fire in an Irish railway train broke out on Sunday morning, Oct. 1; it was the express American mail train travelling from Dublin to Queenstown with 699 sacks of mails to catch the Cunard liner *Lucania*, en route to New York. The oil and liquid wax in the caldron, used for sealing purposes, became ignited, the flame leapt upwards and began to burn the woodwork of the mail carriage, which was speedily enveloped in smoke. The mail-sorters were in a dangerous position, but the guard was communicated with, and the train was pulled up at Mallow, where a copious supply of water was obtained; the fire was extinguished after a short delay, without any serious damage.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The story of Dr. Pusey's wooing and marriage and bereavement fills the two volumes of his "Life," now published by Messrs. Longmans, with a strong current of human interest. Hardly less absorbing is the clear and honest exhibition of Dr. Pusey's progress to the ground he at last and for so long maintained with such firmness. Dr. Liddon is, as might have been expected, supremely honest. He does not conceal his disapprobation of some early phases of Dr. Pusey's thought, nor does he try to conceal that even on important subjects he changed his position.

It is, for example, interesting to read that Miss Barker, the lady who became his wife, was in early days under the influence of the famous Evangelical preacher, Dean Close. She was perplexed by apparent contradictions in the Bible. Pusey replied that there were no contradictions in essentials to be found in Scripture, but that he thought that "some contradictions might exist in Scripture without diminishing from its sacredness, inspiration, authority, and credibility."

Writing to Miss Barker about Catherine of Siena he said, "Your namesake, about whose vision you inquire, was probably a half-distracted, visionary, and vision-seeing mystic. How far knavery may have mingled with her fanaticism, or whether she was only employed as an instrument by others, can probably not be decided." On this Dr. Liddon observes: "His answer savoured somewhat of the shallow 'common-sense' of the eighteenth century, the traditional language of which he had not yet revised, and was unconsciously repeating. Thirty years later, he would have judged it severely."

Dr. Liddon clearly shows that Pusey never ceased to deplore that he did not support Keble's election to the Provostship of Oriel. It was, indeed, one of the great sorrows of his life. Dr. Newman, while also regretting his failure to support Keble, did not reproach himself. "I certainly was sorry I had helped to elect Hawkins, but I can't say I ever wished the election undone. Without it there would have been no Movements, no Tracts, no Library of the Fathers."

It is noteworthy that by 1853 the number of subscribers to the Library of the Fathers exceeded 3700. I doubt whether any literary undertaking of the same magnitude has ever been so well supported by the clergy. When the publication commenced in 1839 there were but 800 names.

By the consecration of Dr. Hamilton Baynes to the Bishopric of Natal it may be hoped that the long division of the Church there has been healed. Bishop Gray deposed Bishop Colenso in 1864, but the Privy Council gave judgment that this action had no civil effect and could not touch Dr. Colenso's income or title. A minority supported Dr. Colenso and stood by him when Bishop Macrorie was consecrated by Bishop Gray and the South African Bishops. Thinking that his resignation might help union, Dr. Macrorie self-sacrificingly resigned, and all parties agreed to leave the choice of a Bishop to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has made the present appointment. Dr. Hamilton Baynes was his chaplain, and is fully trusted by Churchmen of all schools.

Canon Knox-Little is publishing his reply to Archdeacon Farrar's *Contemporary Review* articles in parts. This seems to show that much general interest is taken in the question; and, indeed, there can be no doubt that theological controversy attracts as many readers as ever.

At the Oxford Diocesan Conference, on Sept. 28, it was resolved, after a long debate, on the motion of the Bishop of Reading: "That no system of education of the children of the Church can be considered as satisfactory, whether in the family or in schools of all grades, that does not include definite instruction in the doctrines of the Church." The Peterborough Diocesan Conference, on the same day, passed a resolution to the effect that the present crisis in the condition of Church elementary schools would be satisfactorily met by the Government providing half the average cost of maintenance; and also that, before further legislation be proposed, a conference of representative Churchmen and Nonconformists should be held with the view of endeavouring to arrange a scheme for giving definite religious instruction to children in Board schools.

This Diocesan Conference has further agreed to a resolution demanding, in the Local Government Bill now before Parliament, the removal from its provisions of any interference with the present position of churchwardens as trustees of Church charities such as schools; and the insertion of a provision that, as regards the affairs of the Church, including the election of churchwardens, the powers, duties, and liabilities of all ratepayers who are not members of the Church shall cease."

The forty-seventh annual conference of the Evangelical Alliance at Dublin has proved interesting, not only because of the important subjects discussed, but on account of the presence of distinguished visitors from Armenia, Persia, Zululand, and other countries. The Archbishop of Dublin, who presided at the opening meeting, gave a garden party at his residence near Bray to over 700 members of the conference.

In connection with the Church Congress special sermons were delivered in the principal churches of Birmingham on Sunday, Oct. 1, when the offertories were devoted to the special fund raised by the Bishop of Worcester for aiding Church work in the poorer parishes. The Bishop of the diocese preached at Christ Church, Summerfield. The Bishop of Lichfield preached in the morning at St. Philip's, and at Christ Church, New Street, in the evening. Archdeacon Farrar delivered an address on "The Religion of the Home" to an open afternoon meeting for working men and their families at Bingley Hall, and preached at St. Martin's in the evening. Archdeacon Sinclair and other well-known ecclesiastics took part in these preliminary services.





SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.

BY R. C. WOODVILLE.





THE FIRST ROMANCE.

BY A. SEIFERT.



## PRISON LIFE IN BURMAH.—No. II.

Some account of the convict prisons established by the British Indian Government in Burmah accompanied the Illustrations published last week, to which others are now added. We learn from official statistics that the jails in Burmah can now house 12,928 prisoners. The returns show that there was a daily average number of 11,453, out of which 394 were constantly sick, or 34 per thousand—a very satisfactory result. There were 345 deaths in the various prisons. There were 121 juvenile offenders, and 2682 prisoners admitted they were addicted to opium smoking and eating. The conduct of the prisoners on the whole was orderly. In one prison alone (the Rangoon jail) was a convict sentenced to death, for a murderous assault on a fellow-prisoner.

During the year 1891 no less than 25,346 convicts were admitted into the jails of Burmah: of this number, 85.79 per cent. were Buddhists; 5.52 were Mussulmans; 1.96 were Christians; 5.85 were Hindoos; .88 of other races. There has, however, been a steady decrease in the admissions during the past two years, showing that the country is settling down to peace and order. Of the convicts admitted into jail 591 were for simple imprisonment; 13,026 for rigorous imprisonment; 542 rigorous imprisonment with solitary confinement; 368 rigorous imprisonment with whipping. Of the admissions, 235 were women, chiefly for theft and offences against the Excise Act.

During the year twelve convicts effected their escape from the jails (five of these were recaptured); seventy-seven convicts suffered the extreme penalty of the law; twenty-eight were released on account of sickness; and forty-two were on ticket-of-leave.

Prison discipline was well maintained, for we find no less

The chief difficulty of the Government in dealing with the population of Burmah since the annexation of Theebaw's kingdom to the Indian Empire has been with the "dacoit" bands of robbers, consisting mostly of former soldiers of Theebaw's irregular troops, who betook themselves to marauding and to plundering defenceless villagers. There has also been the frequent rebellion of Chins, and other mountain or forest tribes, who are distinct from the Burmese nation, and whose predatory incursions have been checked by the creation of a well-organised military police and by the establishment of fortified posts commanding all the routes of travel over the upper country. The Burman, properly so called, in the valley of the Irrawaddy, is very peacefully disposed. So fertile has Nature made his country that the peasant has but little to do in raising his rice or other crops. The fable of "tickling the ground with a hoe and its smiling with a harvest" is literally true in the case of the Burman. Having raised enough for the wants of himself and his family, he is quite happy, and concerns himself about

be seen busily engaged in loading and unloading cargo of various kinds, chiefly country produce. All along the banks, men, women, and children may be seen bathing. In Burmah such ablutions are performed in public; but all is done with the utmost decorum. The people seem as merry and cheerful as can be: the children paddle about



A MAIN GATE IN A PRISON: WAITING FOR ADMISSION.



PRISONERS AT WORK.

than 25,837 convicts were variously punished for offences against jail rules. The punishment of whipping is rarely resorted to. It was inflicted in only 3.43 per cent. of the jail population. It is probable that no other province could show a lower percentage than this. There were 743 convicts employed during the year as warders and petty prison officials as a reward for good conduct and industry.

nothing else. He lounges and smokes the rest of his time, and thus he has come to be known as lazy and ease-loving. But the fact is that a Burman will work hard enough when there is any necessity; but there being no occasion for it he takes life easily, and small blame to him! On the Irrawaddy, when the steamboat stops at any station the riverside is always full of life and bustle. Long lines of country boats may

in the water as if it were their native element; the women laugh and joke with the greatest good-humour. As you watch them you cannot help thinking what a happy people they are. And so they are; always in good spirits and ready for a joke. Their condition is certainly improved under British rule, with just laws and efficient protection, but the frontier tribes still give some trouble.



PRISONERS AT WORK IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.



CONVICTS AT SHOT DRILL.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent, for whose views and opinions I have the highest respect, writes me to the effect that it might prove interesting to the readers of this column if, in view of recent opinions about vitality expressed at the British Association and elsewhere, I gave a summary of what is really known regarding the nature of life. He also asks for a reasonable definition of vitality. His own reading, which doubtless has been more extensive than mine, has landed him in a mental maze. Out of that maze he asks my assistance in extricating himself. I disclaim at once any power of solving the difficulties which, in common with every other person who has tried to solve and to work out the great problem of existence, I find beset this matter of vitality. It is a problem as old as humanity itself. The question, "What is life?" has been asked by the best and wisest of men; and the best and wisest of men have given up the riddle in despair. To attempt an exact definition of life is, of course, absurd. You cannot define that about the exact nature of which you know nothing at all. True, you may define what life does, but that is a different thing from being able to express clearly and concisely what life is. When I was a student, and a very junior one at that, definitions of life were hurled at me by the half-dozen. Life was "organisation in action"; it was the "sum total of organised activity"; it was the "perpetual adjustment of internal to external relations"; it was "adjustment to the environment," and so on.

Now, the first two of these definitions only tell us what we already know, namely, that life is exhibited by organised beings—that is, beings possessing machinery to live with. So far, indeed, this expression is not strictly correct, for the lowest living things have no organs or parts at all. They are like workless watches, and consist of specks of living matter (or protoplasm) and nothing more. If we turn to the other definitions and regard life as the perpetual adjustment of internal to external activities, we get no further forward in our search. That view of things merely tells us once again what we all know—namely, that vitality has its own conditions in respect of its survival. When these conditions are absent, withdrawn, or non-represented, life becomes extinguished. All this is unsatisfactory, but in the nature of things we must grin and bear our defeat with the best grace we can command. There is greater hope of getting some satisfaction if we inquire into the conditions which life demands for its due continuance. For example, we must have living matter; a medium or material through which, and by means of which, life is exhibited. This material is the well-known "protoplasm." It is the formal "clay of the potter," as Professor Huxley long ago named it; and it appears, under one guise or another, as the universal stuff which serves as the physical basis of vitality.

When we have said this much, we have really said all. Life may or may not be the result of the properties or qualities or conditions which go to form protoplasm. It may, on the other hand, be some separate entity which uses protoplasm simply as its medium or conductor. It may be one mystic force or a combination of many. Even if life could be proved to-morrow to be a collocation of the forces of the universe—heat, light, electricity, and so forth—we should still be ignorant of its nature unless we were able to demonstrate how the combination of such forces actually came about. I think this is all that can be said here in reply to my correspondent. Professor Huxley long ago, in that famous discourse of his on "The Physical Basis of Life," maintained that, just as we did not assume a mysterious principle of "aquosity," which serves to unite hydrogen and oxygen to form water, so it was absurd to assume that an equally mystical something, called "vitality," animated living matter and represented the essence of life. This was and is one view of the matter, and it practically holds that the conditions which make protoplasm are responsible for the life it exhibits. Just so; but we only know living protoplasm in animals or plants as the result of pre-existing living matter. Nowhere does living protoplasm spring *de novo* into existence out of non-living materials. It needs the magic touch of vitality to give life to that which is not living; and there the matter ends. It is better to own up to our ignorance than to indulge in self-deception about our knowledge, and this is practically all I have to say about the nature of life.

I might add that there is no better training for the appreciation of the difficulties of comprehending what vitality is than the study of a very simple and lowly form of existence. The biologist is very fond of selecting a certain low organism of animal nature, the *Amœba* to wit, for demonstrating vitality in its simpler phases. This animal, microscopic in size, is a speck of protoplasm. It is found in stagnant water and elsewhere. As you see it under the microscope it literally flows from one shape to another; hence its name, *Amœba*—"change." Pushing out its substance here, it draws it in there, and so makes its way through the water-drop in which it finds its world. It engulfs the food-particles which come in its way, and digests them. It breaks in half, and lo! two new animalcules are formed by the division of one. It eats, digests, moves, and reproduces its like as perfectly, in its own humble way, as does any higher animal; yet all these activities are exhibited by a blob of protoplasm which you can look through and through as it moves under your gaze, and note that it is destitute of all the organs and parts that in higher life we are accustomed to associate with the ways and works of life.

More than this, certain near neighbours of the *Amœba* in the sea make shells, some of flint and some of carbonate of lime, fabricated, often with wondrous complexity of design, from the minerals of the water. Each species has its own shell-pattern, and reproduces it rigidly. Why one particle of protoplasm should select lime, and another flint, and through the ages go on building the same shell-types, is just another mystery of the life we know. It seems to me that the contemplation of the animalcule and its kind furnishes the best proof that, even in its simplest guise, life is as full of insoluble mysteries as is the higher and more complex vitality we call our own.

## THE INSURRECTION IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

The word is not one which induces pleasant recollections to a large number of British investors. This notwithstanding the Argentine Republic embraces a territory which boasts the character of being the most fertile and health-giving in the world. Many years ago the United States Minister

cannot be denied that the Spanish South American, when on the war-path, is more of a fiend than a human being once his blood is up.

The broad definitions which apply to the countries watered by the La Plata River and its affluents are not very familiar to British readers. Uruguay, of which Monte Video is the nominal capital, occupies the right hand or eastern portion of the territory included between the Uruguay River and the Atlantic. Paraguay is situated on the north-east side of the Argentine Republic, the river of the same name bisecting it. But the Republic claims dominion east and west from the Uruguay to the Chilean frontier, and from south of Bolivia, in the north, to the extreme south of the Continent—a small portion of Tierra del Fuego excepted. Much of this so-called territory is of a purely vague description, the actual authority of the Republic extending only to about latitude 45 deg. south—the ordinary geographies and handbooks notwithstanding. Within the limits mentioned, however, it has more or less sway.

Since 1814, when the River Plate provinces declared themselves independent of Spanish dominion, the history of the Argentine and its sister States has been one of turbulence and civil war. Dictators rose and fell, oftentimes by violence. In 1824 Great Britain recognised the independent status of the Argentine Republic. Its contemporary history may be said to date from 1828, when General Rosas (who died at Southampton a short while ago) succeeded to power. His reign was disgraced by atrocities which alienated British sympathy. Urquiza, after his flight to England, succeeded him, and established his capital at Parana, the principal town of Entre Rios, the province which lies on the eastern bank of the river of that name. The other States revolted, and in 1859 a struggle ensued between Urquiza and Mitre, who commanded the forces of the "rebel" party. The latter was for the moment defeated, but after the death of Urquiza became President of the Republic. Dissension, however, still prevailed, and numerous "revolutions" supervened. In 1880 General Roca, who appears to be the most prominent figure in the telegrams recently to hand, was elected President. He proved to be an able administrator, and during his reign of nearly six years peace and prosperity prevailed. Succeeded in 1886 by his son-in-law, Don Miguel J. Celman, fresh difficulties occurred. Don Miguel was extravagant, and though strongly supported by Roca, had to abdicate. This event brings matters to a recent date. The present Dictator, or President as he is constitutionally but inaccurately termed, has, like his predecessors, fallen under the displeasure of a large portion of his fellow-countrymen. General Roca, who has many times played the part of saviour to the existing régime, has now been named Commander-in-chief of the forces of the Republic; and, backed as he will be by all its available forces and possessed of ripe experience, there can be little doubt that he will eventually succeed in restoring order.

The geographical limits of the Argentine Confederation are somewhat puzzling to the average reader. Most people imagine that Monte Video, the capital of the Banda Oriental, is an Argentine city, and many atlases give a



to the temporary Government which then represented the ruling power observed to the writer, "What a country the Mormons might make of it! With every gift of nature, and nobody caring a cent if a man had twenty wives or two, such a really hard-working community would make Argentina a smiling paradise." Nobody who has never tried a morning ride across the plains of this favoured territory can understand the champagne-like intoxication of its magnificent air—especially in the early morning. Inhabited by two fine races, the descendants of the old Spanish conquerors and the half-breed Spaniards and Gauchos, both men and women are of superb physique, and Buenos Ayres has been described as "the city of 200,000 with not an ugly woman among them." If the definition be held to include only those under thirty years of age the description is true, but the Argentine woman blossoms early and decays with equal precocity. The two races are now for practical purposes one, the Gaucho retaining but little of his Indian forefather's characteristics. A superb horseman—for a child is placed in the saddle at two years old, and never again quits it when locomotion is in question—the half-breed vies with his quasi-European bred brother in everything that goes to make an intelligent member of the community. There remains, however, a difference between the Gaucho of the plains or pampas and his brother of the towns. The former seldom resigns his freedom for a military yoke; the latter furnishes the rank and file of an army which, whatever its fortune in war, may always be relied upon to fight as well as any soldiers in the world. A certain ferocity, unknown to Europeans, is doubtless exhibited in the chronic wars which have for so many years devastated this fair portion of the South American continent. Such an atrocity as sewing up the prisoners captured in bullock-skins and exposing them to the almost tropical sun, thereby causing a horrible death by the contraction of the hide, was witnessed by the writer at Monte Video. Matters have somewhat improved in this respect of late years, but it



THE MOVING STONE, NEAR BUENOS AYRES.

most inaccurate idea of the territory under notice. As a matter of fact, Argentine is bounded on the north by Bolivia and Paraguay, on the west by Chile, on the east by portions of Paraguay and Brazil and by Uruguay, and on the south by Tierra del Fuego. What is usually designated as Patagonia is, on native Argentine maps, marked as the territories of Chubut and Santa Cruz.



## THE INSURRECTION IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

The authority of the Republic over these territories is, however, at best but vague, its practical power terminating in the territory of the Rio Negro, in about latitude 42 deg. south. Comprising thirteen provinces and nine territories, its chief cities are not many or large. Buenos Ayres, La Plata, Rosario, San Lorenzo, Santa Fé, Cordova, Parana, and Tucuman almost exhaust the list, though many other thriving towns exist. At the present moment attention is chiefly directed to Buenos Ayres, Rosario, Parana, and Tucuman; while in the present, as in the past, revolutions have formed the principal points of attack by those disaffected to the existing order of things.

To predict the outcome of the present movement would task the intelligence of the best political prophet known. South American revolutions are like Jonah's gourd—they spring up in a night and are often cut short with equal rapidity. Did not General Roca inspire considerable confidence, the event might be considered to be one of pure chance. Probability, however, is in favour of his success.

The city of Buenos Ayres, which has about 400,000 inhabitants, is built with square regularity, the streets intersecting each other at right angles, but on rather uneven ground. In the newer quarters the streets are wide, and there are open spaces planted with trees and flowering shrubs. Among the best features of this city are the Plaza de la Victoria, around which are the Government offices, the buildings of the Legislature, the Custom House, the Cathedral, the Archbishop's Palace, the Colon Theatre, and the Bolsa or Exchange, the Plazas San Martin, Libertad, and Constitucion. The streets are well lighted with gas, and the electric light is in use in some districts, as well as in most of the theatres, clubs, and restaurants. There is a Cathedral, with many other churches; a University, with numerous public schools; a Museum and Public Library; also hospitals and charitable institutions. The suburbs preferred for residence are Belgrano, on the North Railway, Flores,



THE CENTRAL MARKET, BUENOS AYRES.



THE CALLE DE RIVADAVIA, BUENOS AYRES.



THE NATIONAL BANK, BUENOS AYRES.



REVIEW OF TROOPS IN THE PLAZA DE LA VICTORIA, BUENOS AYRES.

on the Provincial Railway, starting from the Once de Setiembre, and Quilmes, on the Ensenada railway.

The sketches given illustrate a few localities involved in the present disturbance. Obligado, situated on the Parana, a short distance above its junction with the Uruguay, is famous only as the place where General Rosas in 1851 threw a boom across the river to prevent the passage of foreign men-of-war. It was cut by the allied fleet of England and France after a sharp skirmish, in which the Argentine fleet lost a large number of men. San Lorenzo is a port on the Parana and a station on the Buenos Ayres and Rosario railway. It is the capital of a department of the same name, and has much improved as to population and buildings since the railway put it into quick communication with the outer world. Parana is the capital of Entre Rios ("between the rivers," i.e., the Parana and the Uruguay), and stands upon a lofty bank about 120 ft. above the level of the river, commanding fine views of the latter, both up and down. Montevideo is not in the Argentine Republic, but is the capital of the Oriental Republic of Uruguay. It is, however, at present a centre of interest, most of the news as regards both the Argentine and Brazilian revolutions being despatched from that city. The Cerro, or hill, is 500 ft. in height, and is surmounted by an old fort and lighthouse, the latter visible at a distance of twelve miles. The bay has only a depth of 9 to 15 ft. of water, but there is ample accommodation in the outer roadstead. The mouth of the La Plata is subject to heavy gales known as *pamperos*. They both arise and disappear quickly, but seldom do much damage, although nearly fifty years ago a British man-of-war paddle-steamer was carried a mile inland by the tidal wave which accompanies them, and left high and dry. She was eventually floated uninjured by digging a canal to the shore.





THE STOCK EXCHANGE AT BUENOS AYRES, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



## AN AMERICAN AT OXFORD.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has been visiting Oxford in the week of the boat-races, and gives his impressions in *Harper's Magazine*. It is not always May at Oxford, and American readers must not imagine that the town is always en fête, that nobody ever reads, that "rags" (like sermons in the Paradise of the hymn) "never end." Mr. Davis's article makes his senior students feel as old as the Wandering Jew. The very word "rag" (originally "ballyrag") is a new formation. There were Bump suppers, bonfires in quad (notably in Mob Quad), there were noisy suppers, and practical jokes; but the phrase "rag" was unknown. Mr. Davis's article is a kind of Ragnan's Roll; his young friends were always "ragging." They have, perhaps, taken advantage of his candour. Other historians do not say that a certain undergraduate drove a derelict mail-cart quite so far as three miles out of the town, leaving it there to its doom. That rag were some deal perilous; the excursion, I fancy, was hardly so prolonged. In 1715 a Jacobite student at St. Leonard's College carried ragging so far as to rob the post. He was threatened with a flogging, and withdrew, as disdaining to submit. An Oxford man who drove a post-cart three miles beyond Magdalen Bridge would probably have to withdraw also, and might languish in a dungeon. The youths who disguised themselves as organ-grinders lost £2 18s. by the rag; Lever, in Dublin, used to make a better profit out of singing ballads in the streets. It was *not* an undergraduate who "drew" the Master of Balliol, and exhibited him at his window, by throwing a stone at it. If anyone did this, it was an Oxford tout, or *cicerone*; so, at least, the tale, not a new tale, used to be told. The old, old, primeval story of Blaydes of Balliol, and how he "leaped over a wall," has been elaborated for American consumption, and spoiled. As Mr. Davis tells the anecdote it is perfectly incredible: nearly forty years ago, when the incident was fresh, it was not so complex. "Blaydes of Balliol" became Calverley, of world-wide renown; thirty years ago he was the only undergraduate who had left a tradition behind him. Now the tradition, as Thucydides puts it, "has won its way to the mythical." The other tale about the man who climbed Trinity Gate, and whose punishment was commuted as a reward for doing it in public, sounds very mythical also. Everybody knows how to get in and out of Trinity. It is not necessary to climb the gate. But if Mr. Davis is right (and right he is), there is rather too much of ragging and wall-climbing at some colleges. These things, of old, were more delicately and more sparingly done. Did Mr. Davis ever see the outer bars of a room on the ground floor which moved back on a secret hinge? Surely that was a more refined, a less ostentatious way of proving that stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage than the acrobatic feats of the ragging modern undergraduate. The youth of Mr. Davis's friends is a *jeunesse orageuse*. The pun (though implicitly present here) is not ostentatious; but life at large is more ostentatious in Oxford than of old. Men who ran with the boats did not use to think it necessary to show so much of their legs as they do at present. They were altogether less demonstrative. They did not fire pistols on the banks, and rattles were thought vulgar. They did not take the trouble to publish a crowd of ephemeral papers. The modern University "Society Journal," with plenty of the newest gabble by way of honour, with abundant personal insults, was neither familiar nor desired. Old dons, whose memories went back to 1820 or so, said that the undergraduates used to dress for dinner in their day. Even in mine they wore tall hats and black coats on Sundays. At Oxford I knew a man who had been at Eton with Shelley; there was a fable that he remembered Mrs. Bracegirdle; Shelley he remembered very well. "Shelley was not a clever boy," he said, "he never was sent up for good." At Oxford, of course, Shelley was sent down for good. The poet was remarked, my friend said, for wearing his head on one side, and for suddenly breaking into a run as he walked. He remembered nothing more about the poet. Dons of our own time, still surviving, remember Dr. Routh of Magdalen, who remembered Dr. Johnson, and told how the Doctor wore a brown tradesman's wig. Oh, Oxford! what changes hast thou seen between Dr. Routh's contented day and that of Mr. Davis's young friends, who rag! Their prismatic ribbons astonish the American. There are hundreds of ribbons, old and reputable, as the black, red, and yellow of I Zingari, or the pretty Bullington blue and white, or the Harlequin mixture, or the red, white, and green of the Free Foresters, or the white, purple, and orange of the Myrmidons, down to the hues of the Palmerston Club. Are there any Myrmidons now? Do the companions of the great Achilles whom we knew survive? The great Achilles—the great Bakmeteff, one should say, for a Muscovite was the founder of this institution, of this illustrious society. It used to be said that ribbons came into fashion when the Coventry ribbon trade was at a low ebb. However this may be, ribbons hold their own. I do believe new clubs are founded merely as an excuse for a new ribbon. Youth insists on having colours, and "youth will be served." They do not seem to care for ribbons at Harvard and Yale; perhaps they do not rag. Dr. Chalmers has left a great reputation for ragging at St. Andrews. If our young barbarians rag too much, they do not "haze," one hopes, so severely as the American undergraduates. Yet they, I trust, don't smoke pipes and wear Norfolk shirts when in cap and gown, like a horrible young person illustrated in Mr. Davis's essay.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

D E H NOYES (Cheltenham).—Your problem shall have early attention.

G W BLYTHE (Bow).—Many thanks; a good game is always welcome.

T D SIMPSON (Liverpool).—After 1. B to Q Kt 6th, if K takes R, B takes P; mate. The reply to your solution of 1. K to K 7th, is B to Kt 8th, and no mate follows. You have copied the problem correctly, and we are surprised you have overlooked the simple answers to your difficulties. We are sorry we cannot reply by post.

STIRLINGS (Harnsate).—See preceding reply. The defence to Q to K 2nd is B to K 5th.

SORRENTO.—It is given to test the abilities of our solvers.

REV A W A S ROW.—They shall have consideration, but we are prejudiced against figure problems.

W PERCY HIND.—Thanks, we will look at it at leisure.

MRS W J BAIRD.—We congratulate you on your success in other fields, but we have to confine this column strictly to our subject.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2574 received from P E P (Cape Town); of No. 2577 from W F Jones (Belleville); of No. 2578 from J W Shaw (Montreal), Emile Frau (Lyons), and W F Jones; of No. 2579 from José Syder (Parade de Gonta), H B Hurford, H S Brandreth, and James Clark (Chester); of No. 2580 from Howich, H F W Lane (Stroud), James Clark, Edwin Barnish (Rochdale), and Blair Cochrane (Clewer).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2581 received from W R Raillem, Joseph Willcock (Chester), Digamma, T G (Ware), E Louden, F J Knight, Alpha, B Worters (Canterbury), Martin F, Sorrento, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), E E H, R H Brooks, Dr. F St, J Coad, T Roberts, A J Haggood (Haslar), W P Hind, G T Hughes (Athy), J Dixon, G Joicey, H B Hurford, A Newman, W R B (Plymouth), J D Tucker (Leeds), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Julia Short (Exeter), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), H S Brandreth, CE Perugini, Admiral Brandreth, B D Knox, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), M Burke, Bertha M Ross (Whitley), and T J Heppen (Brighton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF MR MACKENZIE'S PRIZE PROBLEM received from R H Brooks, W R Raillem, Martin F, Dawn, G Joicey, and N J Harris.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2580.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

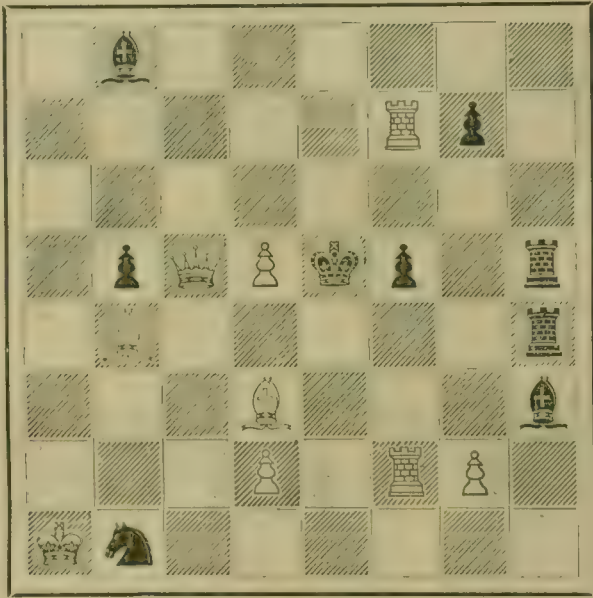
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to B 6th K to B 4th  
2. Q to Q 3rd (ch) K takes Kt  
3. Q to Q 6th. Mate.

If Black play 1. Kt to K 7th; 2. Q to R 2nd (ch); if 1. Kt to B 8th, then 2. Q to B 2nd (ch), &c.

## PROBLEM No. 2583.

A hitherto unpublished problem by the late J. G. CAMPBELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the Divan between Messrs. BIRD and MOULES.

(King's Bishop's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	13. P to Q B 4th	B to Q B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	14. Kt to K R 5th	Kt to K 5th
3. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd		This move loses a piece at least.
4. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Q to K Kt 4th	Kt to K B 4th
5. B to Q Kt 2nd	Kt to K B 3rd		If B to B sq, then B takes Kt and mate in two moves follows if Black retakes.
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	16. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
7. Kt to K 2nd	Castles	17. B takes Kt	
8. Kt to K Kt 3rd	R to K sq.		Black obviously cannot take B on account of Kt to B 6th (ch). The other Kt is lost, and mate in a few moves is inevitable.
9. Kt to K 5th	B to Q 2nd		
10. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 5th		
11. P takes P	Kt takes P		
12. Castles	Q to Q Kt 3rd		

Thanks to the zeal of Mr. Charles Gilberg, the European players who went over to New York are likely to have a tournament after all. The definite arrangements are not yet to hand; but an international competition will probably be held, in which many players of ability, if not all of first-rate rank, will have an opportunity of taking part.

The Metropolitan Chess Club soon outgrew its quarters in Great Tower Street, and has now removed to more commodious premises at 60, Watling Street. To inaugurate the new session the Lord Mayor visited the rooms on Sept. 30, when there was an exhibition of blindfold play by some of the members and simultaneous play by Mr. Gunsberg. The services of this latter master have again been secured as lecturer for the coming season, which promises more than to maintain the progress of the last.

The North London Chess Club has also found it necessary to remove to more convenient quarters, and in future will meet at the Amherst Club, Amherst Road, near the Hackney Downs and Rectory Road Stations.

The Sydenham Club has commenced a new season meeting at its old quarters, The Greyhound, Sydenham. Strong local players are invited to join. The hon. sec. is Mr. H. Spagnoletti, 29, Sydenham Hill.

Mr. Steinitz is appealing to his English friends for financial support in his forthcoming match with Mr. Lasker for £200 a side and the championship of the world. Intending backers are requested to communicate with Mr. Rudd, 102, Broadway, New York. The list is expected to close by the end of November.

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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Those are singularly interesting sections of the census papers that are summarised in the Report just issued to the public. This blue-book gives the tables as to age, marriage, occupations, and infirmities of the population as taken in 1891. The fact that explains so much in the development of modern woman's work stands at the beginning—namely, that there are in round numbers nine hundred thousand more females than males in England and Wales (866,723 is the precise majority); but to know the number of these who cannot anticipate marriage and the domestic work that it brings as their future, because there are no men to marry them, we must deduct from the total 65,101 married women whose husbands were away from England on the day of the census, leaving a round balance of 800,000 women who are widowed, or for whom nature has not provided any mates, or whose natural mates have deserted the home nest and gone to seek fortune in foreign parts, unaccompanied by women of their own nationality.

Under the heading "Professional occupations, with immediate subordinates," there are very nearly as many women as men—namely, 342,006 males, and 313,353 females. It is the number of teachers and of nurses of our sex that brings the number up; there are 53,057 nurses, and 144,393 female teachers—the males engaged in either the healing art or training the young being far less numerous. These are traditional spheres for female exertions; but it is novel to see in the census returns 101 female physicians, 345 dentists and dental apparatus makers, and two veterinary surgeons. There are 660 women and 5111 men returned as authors or journalists; 2032 women and 9250 men as painters, engravers, or sculptors; 3625 male and 3696 female actors; 7823 male and 19 female architects; and 47,352 men and 166 women in the legal profession. There are 51,000 odd agricultural labourers of the female sex; 72,347 engaged in mining or working in minerals; 415,961 busy in ministering to the vanity of their sisters about dress (well, but the tailors for the other sex are pretty numerous, being 119,496 males and 89,224 women); the cotton industry employs 332,784 women; lace manufacture, 21,716; 25,624 women keep general shops; 16,552 are costermongers; 46,347 are engaged in drapers' shops, of whom of only 2462 are employers; 46,141 are in the shoemaking business; 28,875 are confectioners; and 46,279 are grocers. In fine, there are few occupations now—scarce any but engine-driving, the Church, the Army, and the seaman's business—in which men do not find women beside them.

Another branch of these returns in which thoughtful women will take an interest is the age of marriage; and to this subject attention has been called recently, in the concrete, in a somewhat grotesque fashion, by a case of child-stealing by a young married woman who had been a member of the noble army of matrons for several months, and yet was sixteen years old only three days before that on which she set forth to provide herself with a baby by stealing one of fifteen months old from a perambulator. The husband in the case was just nineteen, and so simple as to believe in his new baby until he discovered that it not only had eight teeth but could both walk and talk—achievements that surpassed even the traditional wonderful performances of a man's first child, and led him to seek the counsel of his wife's sister. Most of us who read the case, with its singularly human mixture of comedy and wretched blundering, must have hoped that such child marriages were rare. But the census informs us that there are 5560 married "men," and no less than 28,860 married "women" of fifteen years of age; and also 71 widowers and 169 widows of the same age! It will be a surprise to many to hear that marriages at that age are legal. But they are so: all formalities being observed a girl can be married at twelve years of age and a boy at fourteen. The clergy are occasionally blamed by members of boards of guardians when small children who have become man and wife are driven soon after to seek the shelter of the workhouse with a wretched baby or two in their arms. But the clergy cannot refuse, on their own responsibility, to perform marriages in accordance with law. Now, the social evils of early marriages are obvious enough. Probably half the poverty of the working classes comes from their recklessness in marrying before their earning power has reached its maximum, and before they have had time to make the least provision of money to furnish a home even, far less of a store for a rainy day. As to the evils to health of premature marriage, they are known in their fullness only to those familiar with medical practice among the very poor. The laws of nature are not be despised with impunity, and the laws of the land should try to be in harmony with hygienic ones. These startling figures ought to lead to the raising the age of legal marriage, whenever Parliament finds time to attend to social well-being.

Sir Augustus Harris is splendidly lavish in all that he does, and the dresses in the new Drury Lane drama are no exception to his rule. There is a scene in the vestibule of the Empire Theatre, where the gowns are excellent specimens of present-day fashion. Mrs. Bernard Beere surpasses every "super" in her splendid long opera mantle of pink velvet with the corners embroidered with gold and red, and the lining of apple-green silk; it has a cape lined to show with the same green, and it is fastened with a long and thick gold cord. The gown over which it is worn is of white silk draped with silver-spangled embroideries. Among the fine frocks that surround the leading figures in the scene is one of red brocade with two flounces covered with black lace, a band of black lace put on above in vandykes, then two straight straps of the same, and deep epaulettes—a very effective and yet ladylike gown. Another is sky-blue silk, with narrow braces of black velvet, a tiny waist belt of the same, and straps running down the skirt and ending at the foot in rosettes all in the black velvet. In another scene, Mrs. Bernard Beere has a visiting dress of fawn velvet, made polonaise fashion, but widely slit up the back and front to show an under-dress of pink veiling; three big buttons appear to join it at the hip, and there is a deep collar, and also a zouave trimming, of a harmonising passementerie, chiefly in tones of fawn and gold. There are many other dresses worth seeing.





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## ADIEU TO CHICAGO.—I.

BY MRS. ALFRED HUNT.

The cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces which have so long basked in the sunshine of Chicago and flashed back answering light are to disappear as soon as may be after Oct. 31, and their place will know them no more. There has been a natural disposition to keep the Exhibition open a little longer, but now its doom is sealed. What to do with the remains of the buildings was a question that was exercising the minds of the authorities even a couple of months ago, and though, not to speak of iron and steel, 75,000,000 ft. of "lumber," in the American sense of the word—i.e., planks and beams—were used in the construction of them—an amount which represents five thousand acres of standing trees—it is by no means improbable that all these materials will only be regarded as lumber in the English sense, and made away with as promptly as possible. When at Chicago we even heard a proposal that the remains of the buildings should not be carried away at all, but made to "furnish forth" a much-needed feature in Jackson Park itself, by heaping them up into one very high hill, and trusting that

Nature, in due course of time, once more  
Would there put on her beauty and her bloom

in the shape of a thick covering of verdure. We should have liked these many-coloured domes of glass to go on staining the white radiance of American skies as long as they (the buildings) would hold together; but as that, no doubt, would be a very short period, the directors have, we feel, come to a wise decision. It is one which has probably done much to lighten the heart of many an exhibitor. Reports of the inability of the buildings to shield the exhibits from winter's storms have been rife; nor does it need an expert to tell us that "staff," being what it is, a composition of plaster, cement, and hemp-fibre, is not likely to prove a staff of life to a frail exhibit—say, for instance, a water-colour drawing. Given one heavy storm, and "Too much of water hast thou, O poor work of mine!" would be the painter's lament. We are glad for the exhibitors' sake that the Fair will be closed before November, but, so far as the Exhibition is concerned, our feeling is one of unmixed regret and sympathy, as only during the last six weeks or so has it begun to live down some of the evil things that have been said of it, and to be visited by a sufficient number of people to have a chance of success.

With infinite trouble and self-sacrifice, and perhaps a little feeling for advertisement, which in earlier stages of human existence would have been called noble civic pride, Chicago designed and reared the largest and much the most beautiful Exhibition of the kind that the world has yet seen, and from first to last the hand of everyone has been against it. The European newspapers—some of which possibly merely adopted the inimical tone of those of New York—steadily decried it, and printed such

exaggerated accounts of the extortionate prices charged in certain hotels and restaurants—of the fever-laden air of the town and the death-dealing properties of the water, that even in a year when cautious travellers avoided the Continent for fear of cholera, they shrank from the World's Fair as from something more dangerous still. According to some of these papers, earth, air, fire, and water—a "Big Four" indeed—would in all probability, either severally or collectively, terminate the existence of most of those who went to see it. The town of Chicago was they said, built on a morass into which piles had been driven to make a foundation, and having such a foundation it was insecure. So much for earth! The air was poisonous with evil smells, and the houses, being mostly of wood, were apt to burn up (or down) before their inmates could escape; while as for the water, since the town was drained into the river, and the river flowed, or rather oozed, into the lake—or had to be helped to ooze into it by mechanical appliances—why, the less said about it the better.

The insecure foundation scare probably did not prove much of a scare to anyone, for most people would be able to reflect that land which does not seem to mind how many sixteen, or even twenty-storeyed houses are piled on its breast, and which habitually allows more than a million of human beings to live on it, was not likely to object to a hundred thousand visitors. Some of the other objections to the place must unquestionably have appeared much more valid, but in a town which is twenty-six miles long and fifteen miles wide there must be many chances of finding some mile or two of reasonably pure air; and the danger of fire might be rendered almost infinitesimal by going to a stone-built hotel and not choosing rooms on too high a floor. Last comes the water, and we honestly confess that after seeing the river we never felt happy about that element, even though our drinking-water was brought from a crib on the lake fully four miles from the shore. Let the water, however, be good or bad, there is nothing for it but to drink it. In theory, boiled water is unquestionably preferable, but in the heat of Chicago, thirst "comes upon you like an armed man," and it may be in the grounds of the Exhibition or in the house of a friend who would all but cease to be a friend if you aspersed the river, that it comes, and you must drink or die, or do both. To boil the water in the seclusion of your chamber is unavailing, for you must have ice in the water, and cannot boil the ice, nor could any Etna ever boil a twentieth quantity of the water that you require. You seem to be able to drink navigable rivers. Before you have spent more than a morning in the park you have accurate knowledge where good and bad ice-cream and soda is to be found; you have tasted the filtered water provided by the Directors, and wished that they had provided some means of keeping it cool; you have put a cent in the slot for a glass of pure cold water, and have found that the machinery has ceased to work; and you have discovered the merits of Californian orange cider.

N.B.—An ice-cream in America is on the same gigantic scale as their other commercial enterprises.

## ART NOTES.

At the annual exhibition of the Liverpool Fine Art Gallery a prominent place is given to the original sketch of Millet's "Angelus," the picture which realised the highest price ever paid for the work of a modern artist. The original is well known to the English public through Mr. Waltner's admirable etching, although it can only give a cold rendering of the painting. The sketch shows that Millet modified his original idea when transferring it to canvas, especially by the introduction of more light into the foreground. During Millet's lifetime the fame that his pictures were subsequently to acquire was undreamt of by even his most ardent admirers, and the present sketch was probably disregarded even by them. It was, however, reproduced by the carbon process about fifteen years ago, and a score of copies—perhaps more—were eagerly competed for by those who had by that time recognised the place which the artist was destined to occupy in French art. It would be interesting if the possessor of one of these reproductions would lend it for exhibition and comparison with the popular etching from the completed picture.

Miss Jane Harrison, who has not been lecturing in London for some time past, will deliver a course to the lady students of King's College (Kensington Square) during the coming month. The lady students, having already shown a readiness to acquire the principles of ethics and logic, are now offered a key to the mysteries of Greek art and mythology. The special aim of Miss Harrison's lectures is to show how Greek vases offer to students the means of understanding many of the obscure allusions in classical writings; but for the more general hearers the chief value of such guidance is that they will be able better to appreciate the collections in British and foreign museums. The lectures will be, as usual, illustrated by lantern slides, and as they are exclusively intended for ladies, possibly their tone may be Eleusinian, and many mythological mysteries concealed from men may, perhaps, be revealed.

If the erudite keeper of Roman Antiquities at the British Museum concurs in the views of M. Maximin Deloche on the Roman ring question, it is to be hoped that before long he will be able to apply the theory to the arrangement of our peculiarly valuable collection. The wearing of rings under the Roman Republic was, according to M. Deloche, the subject of many laws and regulations. Originally the right to wear iron rings was limited to those who had distinguished themselves in war or had rendered the State some noteworthy service. At a later date the patrician families, the *equites*, and the magistrates were permitted to wear similar ornaments. The "iron age," however, came to an end—probably as wealth and refinement increased—and then the metal of the ring denoted the rank of the wearer. The most precious metals were reserved exclusively for the *ingenui*, or noble-born, senators and *equites* alone having the right to wear golden rings; while the *plebs* rising in strength and importance succeeded to the iron rings of an earlier time.

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The "GENTLEWOMAN": The Goldsmiths' Company seem to have excelled themselves in their gem-work. We have never seen diamonds more beautifully mounted, and, indeed, the stones were worthy of special manipulation. Their Illustrated Catalogue is a most dainty volume, and worthy of the highest praise.

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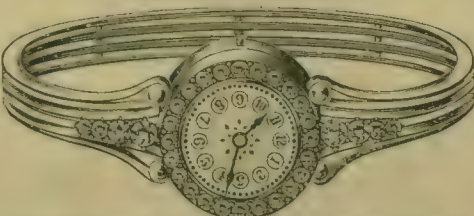
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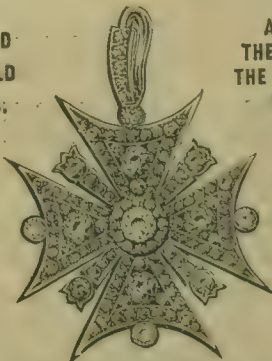
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Fine Diamond Necklace, of the purest water, £110. Larger sizes, £150 to £400.



Fine Diamond Brooch, £35.

## PRESS OPINIONS.

The "FINANCIAL NEWS": The Managers of the Goldsmiths' Company, if they cannot boast of the hoary honours of the large firms they have successively absorbed, can with justice claim that they have introduced a life and vigour which before the establishment of their business were wanting. The Goldsmiths' Company has taken a leading position in the trade.

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"TRUTH": We visited the Goldsmiths' Company's premises in Regent Street and saw some lovely things in jewellery. Their stock is all marked in plain figures—such a comfort to the buyers. We had one of their Illustrated Catalogues, and with difficulty tore ourselves away from all the enchantment.

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The "SKETCH": The Goldsmiths' Company are noted for their magnificent stock of perfect Diamonds; they have always a wonderful array of superb gems, which they supply direct at merchants' cash prices.

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The AMERSHAM DRAWING ROOM SUITE, consisting of Settee, two Easy, four Occasional, and two Châlet Chairs, in carved dark mahogany, well upholstered in rich Silk Tapestry, £18 10s.

EXTRA.—Carved dark mahogany Cabinet, enriched with shaped bevelled silvered plates, cupboard lined silk plush, silvered plate at back, and glass shelf, £11 5s. Overmantel, with eight shaped and bevelled silvered plates, £6 7s. 6d. 3 ft. Centre Table, with shaped top, six legs, and undershelf, £2 17s. 6d.



## OBITUARY.

SIR ALEXANDER ABERCROMBY NELSON.

Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Abercromby Nelson, K.C.B., of the Manor House, Langley, Bucks, died on Sept. 28, at Walmer, Bath Road, Reading. Sir Alexander was born June 30, 1814; was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and obtained his first commission March 6, 1835, in the 40th Foot. He was present at the capture of Fort Minora and the surrender of Kurrachee, in the Scinde campaign of 1839-41. He served under General Sir William Nott, as chief of the Bombay Commissariat, throughout the whole Afghan War of 1841-42, and took part in all the engagements of the Kandahar Division. He received the thanks of the Governor-General of India and the Bombay Government for the manner in which he carried out the duties of the commissariat during the war, and received the medal. In the following year he accompanied Colonel Stack to effect a junction with Sir Charles Napier, and was present at the battles of Meanee and Hyderabad in the Scinde campaign of 1843, for which he received another medal. In this year he had a horse shot under him at the battle of Maharajpore in the Gwalior campaign, and was mentioned in despatches. For this engagement he received the bronze star. In 1865 he was Brigadier-General, commanding the troops in the rebellion in Jamaica, and for his services was thanked by Government. Sir Alexander was Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, and in command of the troops there from 1879 to 1883, when he retired from the army, with the honorary rank of Lieutenant-General. He married, 1846, Emma Georgiana, daughter of Mr. Robert Hibbert, of Hale Barns, Cheshire, which lady died April 16, 1892. He was made a C.B. May 29, 1875, and promoted Knight Commander May 30, 1891.

## THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

The Rev. Benjamin Jowett, M.A. Oxford and Durham, Hon. LL.D. Edinburgh, D.D. Leyden, Master of Balliol College and Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, died on Sunday, Oct. 1, at Headley Park, Liphook, the country residence of Mr. Justice Wright. He was born in 1817, in Camberwell, and was educated at St. Paul's School. In 1834 he obtained a

Balliol scholarship, and became, after a distinguished undergraduate career, a Fellow of that college in 1838, and a tutor in 1842. He was appointed by Lord Palmerston Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford in 1855, and was elected Master of Balliol in 1870, on the preferment of Dr. Scott to the deanery of Rochester, and from 1882 to 1886 he was Vice-Chancellor of the University. This great Oxford scholar and University reformer was a Liberal in politics, but took no share in party controversies. He was a Curator of the Bodleian, and a Delegate of the University Press. He was never married.

## SIR STEVENSON ARTHUR BLACKWOOD.

Sir Stevenson Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B., Secretary to the General Post Office, died on Oct. 2. A notice of his career appears in another column. He was appointed Financial Secretary to the Post Office in 1874, and on the retirement of Sir John Tilley became Principal Secretary in 1880. He was a distinguished leader of the Evangelical section of the Church of England, and often wrote on theological subjects. He was created K.C.B. in 1887.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dame Elizabeth Eastlake, widow of Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, P.R.A., and daughter of the late Dr. Edward Rigby, of Norwich, who died on Oct. 2, aged eighty-three.

Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, J.P., formerly M.P. for Drogheda, and afterwards for Kilkenny, who died on Sept. 24.

Mr. Albert Moore, the well-known painter, who died on Sept. 25.

Mr. David Belasco, who under the professional name of David James was one of the best known of English comedians, in London on Oct. 2. He was of Jewish parentage, and was born in 1839.

The first evening meeting of the winter session of the Toynbee centre of the London University Extension Society was held on Saturday, Sept. 30, when the Warden (Canon

Barnett), Mrs. Barnett, and the education committee received the visitors. The lectures, classes, and conferences have again been carefully arranged for the coming winter, and a great effort has been made to provide continuous teaching for some of the students. The University Extension Courses are more numerous than ever, there being eight connected with the Toynbee centre. Three of these—in economics, geology, and history—are to be given at Limehouse and Poplar, and five at Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel. Dr. S. R. Gardiner, Mr. E. S. W. Horsburgh, Mr. G. Armitage Smith, Dr. A. H. Fison, Mr. F. W. Rudler, Professor Bonney, Professor Hales, Mr. J. W. Cross, Mr. W. M. Conway, Colonel Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff, Sir Alfred Lyall, Canon Ainger, Canon Scott Holland, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones are the lecturers. Mr. L. L. Price will deliver a special course of lectures on "Some Industrial and Social Movements in England."

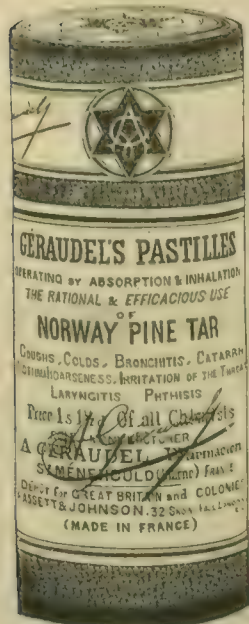
The King of Siam, in the midst of all his political troubles, has expressed his intention to contribute £100 annually for the next twelve years to enable Professor Max Müller to continue the publication of the "Sacred Books of the East," translated into English. The King is strongly attached to the Buddhist religion, and is himself an excellent Pali scholar.

At a meeting of the shareholders in the firm of Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Newcastle, Lord Armstrong referred to the loss of the Victoria, and said it called for very grave reflection as to the policy of devoting so large a proportion of our naval expenditure to the construction of huge battle-ships, which were no more exempt from accidental loss than war-vessels of the smallest size. The disaster taught a valuable lesson both as to the efficiency of the ram and the danger of using it. He was of opinion that a considerable number of inexpensive ram-ships should form an item in any future shipbuilding programme. Lord Armstrong also urged the expediency of building more fast cruisers, and said he believed that the means of attack would always overtake the means of defence, and that sooner or later armour would have to be abandoned.

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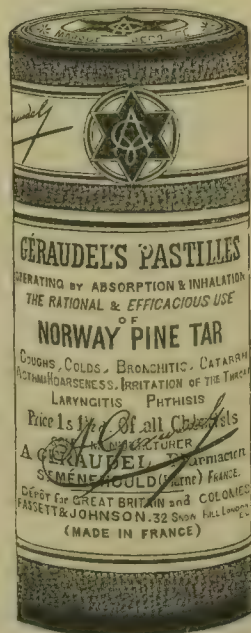
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 14, 1893), with a codicil (dated June 24 following) of Mr. John Derby Allcroft, late of Stokesay Castle, Onibury, Salop, and 108, Lancaster Gate, who died on July 29, was proved on Sept. 25 by Mrs. Mary Ann Jowell Allcroft, the widow, Herbert John Allcroft, the son, William Cave Fowler, and Henry Alfred Greig, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £491,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to the Church Missionary Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney; £100 to the Worcester Infirmary; all his jewellery and consumable stores (except wines and spirits), £1000, and an annuity of £3000 to his wife; all his stock of every kind in the North British and Caledonian Railways to his son Walter Lacey; £1000 to his son Arthur Raleigh, in addition to the £10,000 capital transferred to him on his being admitted a partner in Messrs. Dent, Allcroft, and Co.; all his stock of the Great Eastern, North-Eastern, South-Western, and North-Western Railways to his son John Derby; his stock of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, upon trust, for his daughter Elizabeth Mary; his Great Northern Railway stock, upon trust, for his daughter Harriet Jewell; and legacies and annuities to executors, relatives, friends, and servants. Stokesay Castle and estates, and all his manor lands, tithes, tithement charges, and hereditaments in the county of Salop,

all his advowsons, livings, and rights of patronage and presentation whatsoever, and the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves to his eldest son, Herbert John.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1886), with a codicil (dated Oct. 29, 1889), of the Rev. Arthur Cazenove, Honorary Canon of Rochester Cathedral, formerly of St. Mark's Vicarage, Reigate, and late of the Manor House, Cranborne, Dorset, who died on Aug. 10, was proved on Sept. 19 by Arthur Philip Cazenove, John Mark Cazenove, and Walter de Pradine Cazenove, the sons, and the Rev. Malcolm Charles Baynes, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £59,000. The testator bequeaths his residence, 53, St. George's Square, to his wife for life; the plate presented to him on his leaving Reigate to his wife for life, and then to his eldest surviving son; the remainder of his plate, and all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages to his wife; £25,000 upon trust for his wife for life; £2000 to his son, Walter de Pradine, to put him on an equality with his brothers; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his children living at his death, and the children of any predeceased child.

The will (dated March 25, 1893) of Mr. Benjamin Huntsman, J.P., D.J., late of West Retford Hall, Notts, who died on June 27, was proved on Sept. 8 by Francis Huntsman and Harry Fitzmaurice Huntsman, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate

amounting to over £55,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, books, pictures, furniture, horses, carriages, and effects (except those used for farming purposes), £1000, and an annuity of £2000 to his wife, Mrs. Anna Maria Huntsman, the same to be in satisfaction of, and not in addition to, the provisions covenanted to be made for her by their marriage settlement; £4000 each to his sons Francis and Harry Fitzmaurice, and his daughter Mrs. Hilda Mary Bethell, to place them on an equality with his daughter Mrs. Alice Walter, to whom he covenanted to give that sum by her marriage settlement; and £6000 each to his said four children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said two sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 18, 1877) of Major-General Charles James Mounsey-Grant, late of Heatherley, Inverness, N.B., and of The Hill, Cumberland, who died on June 19, was proved on Sept. 25 by Mrs. Mary Tirzah Mounsey-Grant, the widow, and Charles James Grant Mounsey-Grant, the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects to his wife. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1889), with two codicils (dated Nov. 7, 1892, and Feb. 11, 1893), of Mrs. Ann Bruce, late of Scarborough, who died on June 3, at Geneva, was proved on Sept. 15 by Frank Mappin, the nephew, Benjamin Burdekin, and Charles Jarvis Collier, the



Dear Mr. Harness I think it only right I should tell you how much I feel I have benefited by the careful and intelligent treatment I underwent at the Electropathic and Zander Institute.

I was in a very low state of health when I put myself into your hands some eight months since, and it was, as you know, only with great difficulty I managed to continue my work at the Savoy Theatre, even under the best medical advice. I have never, I think, been stronger or felt better than I now do, notwithstanding recent rehearsals, and singing, playing, and dancing nightly in Comic Operas.

Wishing the Institute every success,

Yours sincerely,  
Jessie Bond

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FAC-S.MILE LETTER FROM THE RT. HON. LORD ROSSMORE.

9 Sept 93

Rossmore,  
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Dear Mr. Harness  
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Yours truly  
Rossmore

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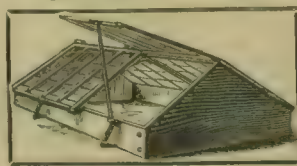
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Dusters from 3s. 3d. per dozen.  
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Diaper, from 6d. per yard. Linen Sheets, from 10s. to 55s. per pair.  
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Huckaback Towels, from 4s. 6d. to 1s. 10d. per dozen.  
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executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2500 each to her brother, Thomas Wilson, and to her sisters, Lady Mappin, Mrs. Richmond, and Mrs. Unwin; an annuity of £100 to her maid, Betsy Middleton; £100 each to her executors; and there are specific gifts of jewellery to each of her said sisters, and to nieces and nephew. As to the residue of her property, she leaves two fourths upon trust for her sister, Lady Mappin, for life, and then for her children; and one fourth upon similar trusts for each of her sisters, Mrs. Richmond and Mrs. Unwin, and their children.

The will (dated March 7, 1892) of Mr. Richard Oxley, late of 13, Selborne Road, Hove, Brighton, who died on Aug. 9, was proved on Sept. 22 by Miss Louisa Oxley and Miss Isabel Wetton Oxley, the daughter, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testator makes some bequests to children not already sufficiently provided for by him; and gives all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate to his daughters Louisa and Isabel Wetton in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1893) of Mr. Frederick Burgess, formerly of St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and late of Burgess Hall, Finchley, who died on July 26, was proved

on Sept. 27 by Mrs. Florence Schoell, the daughter, Ernest Howard, and Henry Nathaniel Belchier, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000. The testator gives an annuity of £150 to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Burgess, while she shall remain his widow; £100 each to his executors, Mr. Howard and Mr. Belchier; and the residue of his real and personal estate to or upon trust for his daughter, Mrs. Schoell, and her children.

The will of Mr. William Holloway, C.S.I., formerly a judge of the High Court of Judicature at Madras, and late of Egmore, Westgate-on-Sea, Kent, who died on Aug. 11, has been proved by George Holloway, the brother, George Fuller, and the Rev. Albert Low, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8685.

The will of Mr. William Morse Graily Hewitt, M.D., late of 36, Berkeley Square, who died on Aug. 27, was proved on Sept. 11 by Mrs. Elizabeth Boulton Hewitt, the widow, and William Graily Hewitt, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6427.

On Saturday, Sept. 30, the Countess of Derby laid the foundation-stone of a new institute for the blind at Fulwood, near Preston. The Earl of Derby expressed deep

interest in the industrial training of the blind, and his regard for the borough of Preston, so long in close and friendly association with his family.

On the evening of Sept. 28 a farmer, named John Kingham, was walking with his little son near a wood between Bledlow Ridge and Radnage, about six miles from High Wycombe, when he heard a shot fired in the wood, where game is strictly preserved. Leaving the boy in the pathway, he went into the wood to ascertain the cause of the shot; as he did not return, search was made for him, and next morning his body was found terribly mutilated. It is supposed that Kingham came up with a gang of poachers, who set upon him and beat him to death.

Mr. J. Cowasjee Jehanghir, of Malabar Hill, Bombay, has presented 200,000 rupees—about £13,000—to the Imperial Institute, on condition that the sum shall be applied to the special benefit of India. The governing body of the Institute have accepted the gift, and propose to devote it to the construction of an Indian conference-room, and the building of a hall in which lectures will be delivered on Indian and colonial mercantile subjects during each winter session.

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FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

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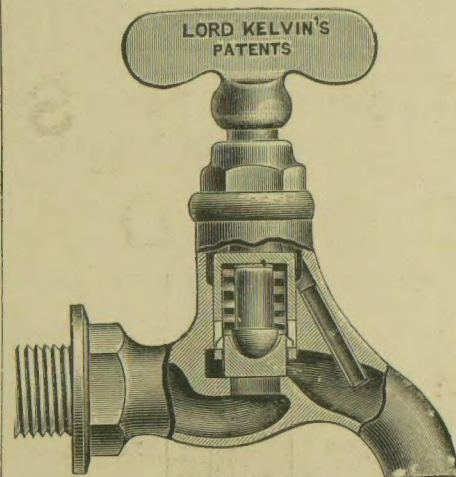
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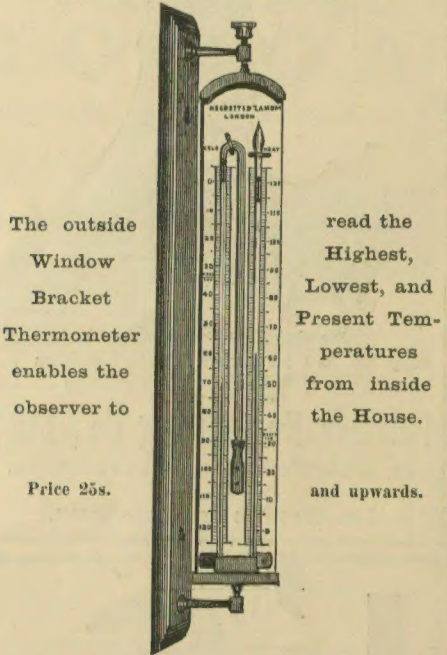
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